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THE
ENAMORADO.

A DRAMA

BY

JOHN HUNTER-DUVAR.



SUMMERSIDE: *P. & I.*
GRAVES & Co., PUBLISHERS.
1879.

25

EL ENAMORADO

lypo 90

To Lawrence J Burpee, Esq.,
from the Author.

EL ENAMORADO.

Uncorrected. Showing in ~~the~~
typographical ~~and~~ errors.

42337

Please correct.

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DEDICATION.

To the Author of Atalanta in Caledon :

Although I have not your personal acquaintance, nor any knowledge of your works excepting of stray gems encrusting the axe-hewn setting of colonial newspapers, I have seen enough to know that one more poet lives.

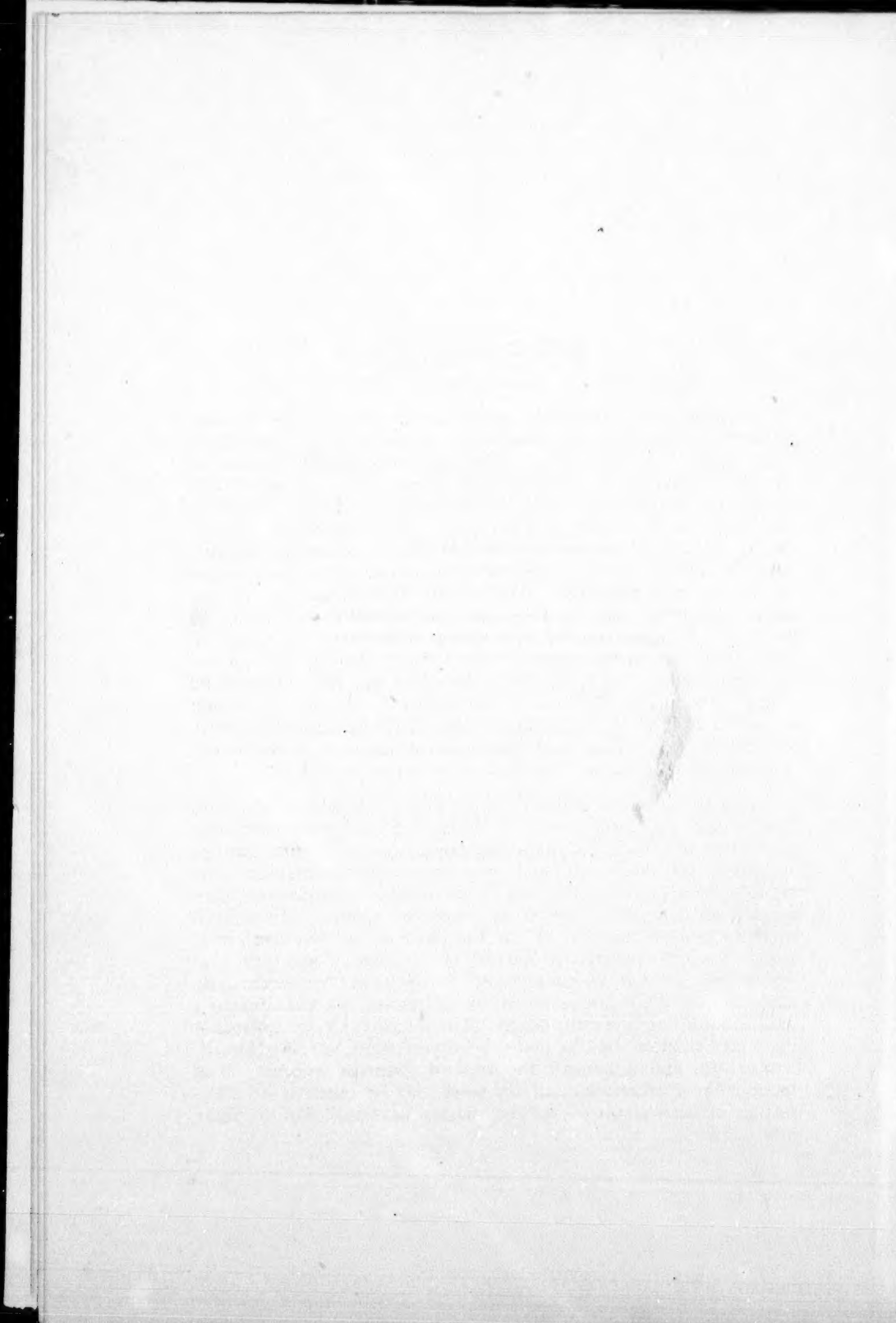
And I therefore pray you to permit me to dedicate to you this drama, written in the woods, by

Your obedient servant,

HUNTER DUVAR.

Hernewood,

Prince Edward Island, Canada.



PREFACE.

MAZIAS is a historical character, and lives in the Spanish proverb "*enamorado come Mazias*." Lope de Vega and others have made him their hero. The main incidents dramatised in the text occurred in the reign of Henry III, of Castille, and during the incumbency of Henry de Vellena as Grand Master of the Order of St. James, of Calatrava. The wife of the Grand Master retired to a convent, to enable him to assume the dignity, but immediately afterwards left the conventual retreat and resumed her marital relations. The Grand Master was one of the most erudite men of his time, and, consequently, was arraigned before the Chapter General on a charge of sorcery. Sentence of deposition was passed against him in 1407, but was not carried into effect until 1414. Tellez di Mendoza was the betrothed of Clara de Lope, as sketched in the drama. Mazias was buried in the Church of St. Catherine of Arjonilla, where his grave, with the inscription, "*Aqui yace (here lies) Mazias el Enamorado*," was seen by Martin de Ximena, as late as the year 1648.

A word as to the structure of the piece. It will be observed that, unlike the characters of de Vega, some of whom talk like professors of Greek and Latin mythology, none of mine indulge in classic references, although were such scholaic displays permissible in a sketch at the date of the incidents dramatised, they might, perhaps, be accorded in academic Spain. My Grand-master's erudite allusions are to the illusions and incidents that might have interested the learned of his time. According to precedent, the *tutoyer* consecrated to dramatic conversation is made use of by all ranks, except in addressing the Grandmaster, and, in addition, a certain degree of familiarity, nearly approaching to the modern, has, at times, been permitted, but, it is hoped, without descending beneath the level of dramatic writing. The name is the Enamorado, and the work may be taken as an illustration of various phases of the master passion,—and of some other passions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY DE VELLENA, *Grandmaster of Calatrava.*

TELLEZ DE MENDOZA, } *gentlemen of his household.*
D'ERCILLA. }

MAZIAS, *a gentleman of Galicia; enamoured of Clara.*

MARI' D'ALBORNOZ, *wife of the Grandmaster.*

CLA' DE LOPE, *a lady of the household; betrothed to Tellez.*

ISABELLA, *ditto; in love with Mazias.*

YOLA, *a blind girl, attendant on Clara.*

BERTOLA, *a girl of the venta.*

NUGNE, *servant to Mazias.*

SANCHO,

CLOWN,

CONFESSOR,

DUENNA,

ALCAYDE.

*Ladies, cavaliers, attendants, peasants, cooks, acolytes, soldiers
etc., commandant of castle of Arjonilla.*

Scene, Spain. Temp. reign of Henry III of Castille; circa

1405.

THE ENAMORADO.

A DRAMA.

Act I.—Scene I.

Courtyard of the Castle of Calatrava, in Castille.—Cavaliers, huntsmen, and attendants.—Departure for the chase.—Time, morning.

Enter MAZIAS, to him D'ERCILLA.

D'Erc. Is the Queen stirring?

Maz. Nay, how should I know? I am not the king,
But an' thou ask me I should say, "not so!"
My Lady stirs not lest she shame the sun,
The dew I see, but not her dewy eyes,
No breath but zephyr's breath makes balm the air,
I only hear the birds' awakening notes,
And, therefore, I should say my Lady stirs not.

D'Erc. Thou speak'st as thou had'st seen
The Pearl of Calatrava.

Maz. In utmost haste I from Galicia sped,
Attracted to this Court. For rumor's tongue,
Throughout all Spain, hath deftly spread the fame

Of those all-comers' passages-at-arms,
Wherein the knights of your most valiant order
Revive the gentle games of chivalry,
And, turn in turn, elect as crowned queen
Of matchless beauty, your most peerless dames.
No grass grew 'neath my feet, but—worse for me,
As ill fate willed it,—did not here arrive
In time to break a spear.

Yet have I seen
The marguerite pearl, the shining star, the sun,
The lily-rose and queen, on whose fair brow
The fresh sweet summer buds of her white wreath
In the great lustre of her beauty seem
But sere brown leaves of autumn.

D'Erc. Was't in Cordova's unbelieving school?
Or Eastern lands? or farther mystic realm
Of Prester John? or else where might it be
Thou learned to twist the tongue so in the teeth
That not a straight word can'st thou utter us,
But must wrap up in quip and parable?

Maz. 'Twas in the college of the Land and Sea,
Where doctors wear no cope, where not a scroll
Is oped from yule to michaelmas, where books
Are none, nor instruments, nor pens,
Where no prelatie themes nor glossaries
Do vex the student, where no columned halls,
Nor pavement, cloister, crypt nor dressing-room,
Nor stone on stone, nor building, never a one,—
Yet there are lessons taught, as well divine
As human,—faith and skill, and thought and speech.

D'Erc. Where may this college be?

Maz.

'Tis out-of-doors.

D'Erc. Pray Heaven it hath not warped thy little wit.

[*Enter CLARA DE LOPE and ladies.*]

All. All hail the Queen of Beauty and of Love !

Cl. Fair court, fair thanks ! so pale a rose as I
Can claim scant homage among fairer flowers,
Yet, as your love hath queened me for the time,
I e'en must put the queenly station on
And wear it modestly until new moon,
When—Isabella is it ? takes my place.

How sweet the morn ! what a lush scent of leaves !
The little birds methinks are late to-day,
That they like me are loiterers. See the gates
Are swinging on the hinges of the east,
And out there wells the flush of morning-red
That heralding the coming of the sun,
Encarnadines our lovely ladies' cheeks
Making them living roses.

Haste, friends all !

Our palfreys' hoofs must splash the diamond dew,—
You, good my Lords, to selle,—and Ladies too ;
My Premier Knight ! ride by my bridle rein ;
Each other choose his Fair, if choice there be
Where all are fair and each in turn is queen,—
Highborn, wellbred, their beauty all may see,
And all in honoring them will honor me.

[*To Mazias.*]

Sir knight and minstrel,

A special welcome. It would ill beseem
Our reign, though brief, if wanting it should be
In wealth of joyance, love and poesie.

—Lead on !

Maz. God save the Queen !

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE 2.—*Place the same.*—SANCHO, NUGNE, and CLOWN.

San. This springald now, whence comes he?

Clo. From out of a maze, so they call him Mazias; with letters to the Master, so he is a man of letters; with a Gallician gittern on spaul, therefore is he a midnight twangler and catgutscraper, affronting to cats on roof; with tuck on thigh, wherefore is he nought but a swashbuckler and spadassin; and he rides with the Lady Clara, who but he? therefore, is he her ally and mine enemy.

Nug. Hark thee! he is my master. And see'st thou? an' it were not for thy bull's neck and oaken staff I would beat thee into a trembling jelly.

San. Why doth he call her Queen? She is no queen.

Clo. O spatchcocked brain! Queen of Beauty at the castle joist. Queen for a week and for the rest, a chambermaid. Perpend,—what is a queen?

San. A queen is — a queen.

Clo. A quean with a peacock tail. One that with the rosy nail of her little forefinger points you—"fellow! do this," and when 'tis done looks blank beyond and sees you not. Principalities and powers are begotten on queens as stars on the moon, *argal* the moon is the mother o' stars, as the dame oyster is the mother o' pearl. Did'st ever see a pearl, Master Sancho?

San. Aye, and an oyster too. Why our Clara is called the Pearl of —

Clo. Pur-r-r-r—aroynt thee man! Sir Oyster is a creature given us for our good, and pearl be but oyster scab. A pearl doth not walk abroad and wear farthingales. A pearl doth not say to me this blessed Mary morning: "knave, thou art foul, avoid me thou smellest of stables." "Thou smellest of stables!" quotha? An' a pearl were a man and I were a foul knave, that taunt should

brook the stab. But marry, as I have said, the moon is the mother o' stars.

San. Pray her an easy kittening. Is the man i' the the moon the father o' stars?

Clo. Go to, sordid. It is ever thus with philosophy, presumptuous man will make objections. Go thy ways and God be with thee.

[*Exit Sancho.*]

Re-enter Mazias. Who waits?

Clo. A foul knave ——

Maz. Gad's so! answerest thou thy name? [*Beats him.*]

Nug. Master, I am here.

Maz. Attend.

SCENE 3.—*Boudoir of wife of Grandmaster; CLARA, ISABELLA, LADIES and DUENNA.*

1st Lady. Here is Clara wishes she were a milkingmaid—

2d Lady. With a boddice of kersey and clouted shoon—

3rd Lady. And Robin hanging over the stile.

4th Lady. For me, I fain would be a handsome knight,
Young, brave and beautiful, with golden spurs
And mounted on a lily-colored steed

With long white flowing tail and silky mane,
That I in splendid cloak of cramoisie
Trimmed with pure silver fringe and knots of blue,

Might journey errant in lone salvage lands

And rescue maids from ugly ogres' towers,

Then break their hearts and lightly ride away.

Duen. Fie! fie!

5th Lady. And I would be a little lissome page—

6th Lady. And I a Lady abness—

Duen. Hush! maids. You only can be what you are,
Sad silly chatter-tongues, but good girls all.
Shall we admit our slaves?

[*Enter D'ERCILIA, TELLEZ, MAZIAS and other cavaliers.*
They circulate.]

1st Gent. The bay charger, sir, weighted with fighting weight,
Came in at speed. As to the grey destrier—

2d Gent. Three martlets on a field azure; then I knew
The bearer must be Rodriguez d'Yquem—

3rd Gent. Pray heaven the Moor may carve us work to do—

D'Erc. This new Gallician troubadour is here,
Belike these silly maids will set him on
To put us down with his fag ends of trills
And tra-li-las. He talks as if half-crazed.

Tel. They say he is an honorable youth.

D'Erc. Doubtless, doubtless.

Duen. [*to Maz.*] Our ladies fain would hear the latest thing
That is the fashion at King Henry's court,
Our walls are massive, and but dully echo
The gossip of the royal residence.

Maz. Music is out of fashion at the court.
His highness lately hath been somewhat vexed
By signs of trouble on the boundary line;
The Moor means mischief, and our gallants now
Are grooming horses and new sharpening arms,
And our young dames, like busy knitting-women,
Are stitching favors for their champions' helms.
But, ladies fair, I bow to your command,
If aught to choose there be in my slight songs.

Isa. A knightly verse—

Lady. A something sad —

2nd Lady

A pastoral for Clara—

Maz. A little thing that holds a history :

Sound of heart and fancy free
Rode the gallant knight,
Forth to prince's joist rode he
In his armor bright,—
Of Yolante, the peerless,
Heedless was he quite.

Queen Yolante, the splendor-eyed,
Sate with many a dame,
When her beauty he descried
Flashed his heart aflame,—
To Yolante, the peerless,
Captive fell the knight.

Fair Yolante, the golden-tressed,
Met one burning glance,
And love's smart within her breast
Was like prick of lance,—
For love is found withouten quest
And Love is life's unrest.

*quoted
L. J. B.*

1st Lady. O happy they, if both their hearts were young.

D'Erc. Pshaw! a trite fiction of the poet tongue.

Duen. The poets claim a right to fib in rhyme
Of marvellous things that happed "once on a time,"
Thus love at first sight breaking in a blaze
Hath very often happened — in their lays,
But never, that I knew of, under sun.

Cla. Methinks the lady was too easy won.

Maz. The fortress of the heart is won, my liege!
More oft by escalade than sap or siege.

[they pass.]

1st Lady. *[aside.]* How favor'st thou this gallant?

Isa. Deep, I should say. A very subtle wight,—
His eyes shot spears at Clara.

Cla. *[hastily.]* I did not heed him.

Isa.

Oh !

[*Flourish of trumpets. Enter chamberlain.*]

The banquet waits.

[*tableau.*]

SCENE 4.—*Hall of Castle.*—GRANDMASTER, WIFE of Grandmaster, MAZIAS, D'ERCILLA, Ladies and Courtiers.

G. M. We bid thee welcome, admirable Don Mazias.
Our cousin Lara writes thou wear'st alike
The soldier's hauberk and the student's gown,
And art, besides, a very troubadour.
Our ladies have already chimed thy praise.
How left thou learning in Valencia's halls?
Thyself art proof the gay Provençal's art
Hath found a home in Spain.

Max. Illustrious !
Most excellent sword-bearer. Commandant
Of Calatrava's ever valorous knights,
I kiss your hands.

And as the full-orbed moon
With light less lucent equal reigns in heaven,
Lady most noble ! on my knees I pay
My devoir to the cresset 'mid the stars.

Wife of G. Thanks, cavalier. The graces that combine
The gifts of valor, song and poesie,
So rarely twined, are welcome at our court,—
For the two last we ladies are thy debtors,
And for the first my lord himself shall thank thee.
[*Aside.*] This is another minion.

G. M. Come to my cabinet, Don Mazias, — now.
These times of peace breed mildew on our swords,
And letters now usurp the place of arms,

So, if thou hast not left thy lore behind,
I crave the free discussion of thy views
Of an illuminated parchment scroll
Of martyred Cecco's Cosmic Commentaries,—*
A gift of a learned Greek of Italy,—
And of an optic instrument, of use
In tracing out the orbit of the stars ;
What saith the poet ? pleasure, arts and arms
Must cede place to divine Philosophy.

[*Exit Mazias with Grandmaster.*]

D'Erc. [*aside to Isabella*] Is Mazias a journeyman sorcerer,
then ?

Isa. He hath a certain witchery in his eye.

SCENE 5.—*Near the castle.—Avenue, with trees.*

Mazias (solus). This is white magic. Of the thousand dames
That I have met in festal revelry,
None made the least impression on my sense,
Save as a dreamy pleasure. Woman-proof
I deemed myself, in callous coat of mail,
And yet a loose-drawn, unseen eye-shaft shot
From under cover of a white eye-lid
Beneath the traverse of a level brow,
Hath pierced my inmost core, wherein I feel
The bubbling of a living spring of blood.
Nor was she fairest in that court of fair,
The girl who wore the serpent-gem, and rode
By her right hand was fairer, bolder, too,
She eyed me closely, while the one I love
Looked on the ground and raised no glance to me
Save one bright, fatal flash. There's witchery in 't

* Cecco of Ascoli, burned as a magician, in 1327.

And I am sped. The flutter of a gown
Sets my heart fluttering, lest it may be she,
And every woman, because woman she,
Seems glorified. I cannot make it out.
Here on this bank I'll lay me down and dream,
For my thoughts eddy like a chafing stream.

[*Reposes. Enter Isabella, disguised as a page.*]

Maz. What dost thou seek here, gentle varlet?

Isa. Nothing.

Maz. Then thou may'st find it here. Who art thou?

Isa. What thou may'st see, a page about the court.

Maz. What would'st with me, page?

Isa. I convey a secret.

Maz. 'Tis a page's mission.

Isa. The secret is my own.

Maz. The less the value.

Isa. A lady loves you.

Maz. Keep that a secret, boy! Such messages
Are oft like to the cloud surcharged with fire
That when it breaks spreads ruin and turmoil.

Isa. And I am charged to bear to thee this glove
As gage d'amor, and pray an answering word
To truthful tell her how to win thy love.

Maz. Poor fond competitor, poor worthless prize.

Isa. The lady is well dowered.

Maz. Dross, yellow dross of gold weighs beauty down,
Besmirches with its clay the bloom of youth,
Decays the greenness of the freshest heart,
And fills with envies, jealousies and gall.

Isa. High cavaliers have called me beautiful.

Maz. You!

Isa. She.

Maz. Fair sir, your mystery lacks obscurity.
A young page wears a gem I recognize.
A beauteous well-dowered lady seeks the love
Of one who owns but sword and mandolin,
And stoops to woo him in the guise of page.
Ha! lady page, have I surprised thy secret?

Isa. Hist.

[*Runs off. Enter CLARA and ladies masked.*]

Cla. [*passing.*] A gallant stranger knight, once on a time,
In an enchanted wood dreamed a strange dream.

Maz. Lady, that knight am I,
Or might be, for I wake and yet I dream.

1st Lady. A waking dream.

2nd Lady. A forfeit! good sir knight,
For thou hast trespassed on the Ladies' Mile.

Ladies. A forfeit! a forfeit!

Cla. To tell thy musings.

Mas. Ladies fair, I dreamed
That wandering in a wood I listless mused
On Love and Life and Death and many things,
When lo! a radiant vision on me stole
Of angel shapes, as lush as petal leaves
Of rose and lilies, as a bright parterre
Had come to life in all its blending hues,
And all its flowers, now animate, had passed
In sweet procession, with light laughter, low
And tinkling sweet as tiny rivulet falls
Mingled with chirruping of mating birds;
Their shapes were angel-graceful, and I deemed

Their faces too, but envious silken clouds
Hid their red lips and dimmed their starry eyes.
One of them seemed the chief, the empress rose,
Queen lily, swaying jessamine. Her voice
Had music in it. When she spoke to me
It woke a pleasant memory on my ear,
As cadence half-forgotten long ago.

Cla. This is no dream.

Maz. Methinks it is a dream,
And fain I never would awaken more,
But ever sleep, as now I do, and hear
The lady of my vision question me.

1st Lady. Did'st not know
This angel of thy vision?

Cla. Know'st thou not
That sometimes sprites of ill take angel shape
To lure bewildered wanderer to his doom?
Sometimes as tricky lights that lead astray
O'er quaking bogs and reedy marish pools,
Sometimes as glowflies flashing 'mong the leaves
Misleading into caves and gravel-pits,
And sometimes as the doleful whip-poor-will,
With broken wing, enticing to the cliff.
How know'st thou but this lady of the dream
Might not misguide thee so?

Maz. I do not know.
But were it certain as the rise of sun
That over brakes and marish pits and dens
And beetling cliffs or dead men's eddy pools
She should invite to come, where'er she led
So would I follow.

Cla. But why pursue?

Maz. Because that I am mad.

A woman cannot guage the heart of man,
Nor read the glamour that a woman throws,
Nor know how full man's inmost being fills
With one loved woman's image ; overflows,
And all the surplus glory fines and glows
Into an aureole, in whose chaste light
All other women are engloried too.
So did the lovely lady of my dream
A semblance bear to her I love the best,
And hence were she to lead I would pursue.

Cla. Thou lov'st one woman well.

Maz. All women well, *one* only.

Cla. Her name ?

Maz. In mystic's faith the reverent devotee
Unveileth not the Deity. The Name
Is far too awful for mere human lips,
But is conveyed in symbols or in phrase
Of the most grand superlatives ;
So is the honored name of her I love
Locked in my bosom, kissed close in my lips,
And clasped within my inmost heart and soul.

Cla. There guard it well.

One woman,—that is I,
Can well approve a name unspoken be
To keep it from profaning quirk and jibe.

Ladies. Hath the knight paid the forfeit ?

Cla. Most loyally.

Ladies. May we not share it ?

Cla. No, giddypates. Retire. And now, fair sir,
If thine allegiance will permit the gift,
I pray thee take this token from my hand,—
A ribbon streamer of my favorite hue,

Rose knit with blue,—perchance it may recall
The masked and nameless lady of thy dream,—
But keep it from the lady of thy love.

[*Exeunt Clara and ladies.*]

Maz. The shape, the mien, the gesture, all are hers,
The voice what hers should be. I am distraught
In deeming the impossible. And yet
Intrigue seems native here in Calatrava.

SCENE 6.—*Village festa.*—*Green with a cottage and spreading tree.*—PRIEST, NUGNE, CLOWN, *peasants, girls, soldiers, etc.*

Peasants. Viva the wife of Rebolledo !

Girls. The dance ! the dance !

[*Girls dance the cachucha, with castanets, to music of tambourines.*]

Peas. Bravissima !

[*Enter MAZIAS, D'ERCILLA, and gentlemen.*]

D'Erc. [*to Priest.*] What festa have we here ?

Priest. A safe cast of mine office.

Clo. A loose branch grafted with a running noose on a sapless stub. A wild vine on a tame stock. Ergo, the scion will put forth and bear, an' ye stint not the pruning.

Old peasant, father of bride. Be welcome, caballeros.

Place there ! room !

This roof though humble is my daughter Berta's,
She is this day wed with her vinedresser.

Maz. and Gents. Viva the loves of Reb and Bertola !

Old P. A good girl is my daughter Bertola,
And ruddy and round and pulpy like a grape,
And like a grape will take her pressing too.

Maz. Which is the groom?

Clo. Yonder lankjaw that looks so sore afeared. Yet must he be valiant who undertakes the part of toro. The young man hath put himself in nature's shoon, and the awful ways of nature begin to dawn on him.

Maz.

And the bride?

Clo. That rollic with the warm black eyes, and fourpence o' copper in her hair. Full to bursting of the must of youth, with her brown breasts bulging her linen smock. Nought save a cut finger hath troubled her yet, but, please God, her troubles are to come.

Maz. Bid them approach. [*They approach and join hands.*]

Fair bride and daring youth, I have no mines

In El Dorado, nor no country lands

To grow such melting grapes as Bertola;

My sword and song my all; my purse is lean,

But what it holds, here take. [*Gives purse.*]

Stay, blooming bride,

Here on thy head I place a chaplet wreath

Twined of a fruiting spray. [*Places wreath.*]

Fair Bertola, now try thy utmost best

To be as fruitful as this blushing vine.

Peasants.

Mazias! Mazias!

1st Soldier. Ud's mace and daggers! spoken like the pope.

2nd Sol. I'd liefer burst my brown-nebbed harquebus

Than not seen poet Mazias.

Peasants.

Mazias! Mazias!

3rd Sol. By St. Jago, as stout a man as in all Castille. Come, kiss me, girl.

[*Bertola eludes him and dances the Vito; peasant marking time with zambomba.*]

D'Erc. [*to Priest.*] This plump bride seems a bold one.

Priest. A wanton baggage ; ere long Rebolledo
Will have as many horns as hath the moon.

Maz. Young men ! range round. Gay maidens, hither bring
Your bright eyes and ripe lips. Here form a ring.
Thou little black-eyed witch with the guitar,
Come give it me. You tambour girls, stand by ;
A chorus to the bride and gallant groom,
— Chimene and the Cid Campeador.

[*Laughter ; Mazias sings to guitar, peasants and music join
in chorus.*]

Health to the maiden, — ~~no~~
Maiden — longer,
Succumbed in love's battle
When love proved the stronger ;
In the cup of the matron
May blessings be rife,
And the bloom of the maiden
Bear fruit in the wife.

[*Chorus.*]

In the cup of their marriage may blessings be rife,
And the bloom of the maiden bear fruit in the wife.

Like the grape juice o'erflowing
In sparkle and glee,
In the sunlight a-glowing
Their life may it be ;
May their vats flow brim full
Of the rich wine of life,
And little ones cling
Round the knees of the wife.

[*Chorus.*]

May their vats be brim full of the rich wine of life,
And little ones cling round the knees of the wife.

Peas.

Mazias ! Mazias !

Maz.

Health to all ! [*Exit.*]

1st Sold. Lithe, and steps like an Arab barb. A week's pay
and plunder to cross blades with him in a friendly pasado ! No
songs but his be heard now. Ruy Diaz and old Barbacana are

laid up in hospital. Lovely woman is the fashion. What a capitano he would make an' he fights as well as sings.

D'Erc. Mazias is no slasher.

Clo. Ware you there! The Don is one of those polite caballeros who will slit thy throat first and sing thee lullabys afterward. And if, as needs must, thou die'st damned, will, like as not, give the good frey here two crowns for repose of thy soul. A very gallant, dangerous caballero an' he were not emasculated by love.

Peasant women. He loves! he loves!

Peas. Who is it Mazias loves?

Nug. That tell I. Who but the Lady Lope, Clara, by name. Am not I his right hand? Did not I carry him ere he was breeched? Have I not heard him sigh more sighs than the mistral and seen him weep more tears than would turn the abbot's mill and make a raging flood in the Guadalquiver? Yes, Mazias loves, and her name is Clara.

Clo. Wisdom wags a grey beard. Tongue slays what eye betrays. An honest drunken knave will pull down more with his mouth than three strong men can build with hands. Gad a' mercy, there never was petticoat but there was a lop-eared lopé under it.

Priest. Neighbors, it is not seemly to take noble names in garlic-eating mouths.

D'Erc. This scandal shall to Tellez.

[*Curtain falls.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Castle.—Cabinet, with a curtained recess.*—
GRANDMASTER and WIFE.

Wife. Nay, good my lord, the affair is somewhat pressing,
And in a matter of such grave import
'Twould ill become to sanction any act
Without your high approval.

G. M. Maria, can'st thou not betroth thy maids
Without man's help?

Wife. Scarcely.

G. M. Without mine, at least;
My hands are too full with my wifeless knights
For me to choose for laymen who may wed,
Though Anthony's temptation were no joke
And they be tempted like St. Anthony.

Wife. Dear lord, of all men you should sympathize
With wedded life. I speak not in self-praise,
But hath *my* love been nothing? Think again.
Have I not been the hand, the rest, the stay,
The faithful friend in all your brave career,
Did I not cast myself, in widow's weeds,
Into the cheerless recluse convent cell,
And would have wept as widow till I died,
Had not your love re-called me to your side,
To brighten with my trust your wearied hours
And show the world still holds one faithful spouse?

G. M. Sweetheart, 'tis true. What dost thou wish of me?

Wife. Our sweet ward Clara now is marriageable,
And hath been sought in honorable marriage
By one, her equal, who hath ever proved
His loyalty towards you and your house.
The Lope dower is large, too large and much
To be swayed by a facile maiden's hand,
And too much influence-giving in these times
To pass by maiden's whim perchance to foe ;
So were our ward wed to a man approved
'Twould serve not only her, but strengthen too
With one more buttress your own princely power,
For Clara's lands grow men as well as wine,
And he who musters men sustaineth state.
Besides, the Church objects not, and will shed
Its blessed favor on the wedded pair.

G. M. What? hath a meddling priest his claw in the pie?
I like it not.

Wife. Alas, my lord! My knees have worn the stone
In supplication to the purer light
That Heaven would ope your eyes, that you may see.

G. M. Keep praying, dame. Who is the happy groom?

Wife. Don Tellez.

G. M. Tellez, too?

Wife. Though Tellez is not rich, I know no man
Within her reach who is more like to be
By choice and nature loyal to your house.

G. M. Tellez is honest and, I hear, devout,
But be that as it may, who serves Vellena
Vellena serves. Clara shall have her groom.

Wife. No lord like thee, my Henry.

G. M. As for thee,

No Jew that deals in shekels hath more wit.

Wife. A pagan Jew, my lord ! what ? I ?

G. M. Good wife,
We all are pagans, though we know it not.

Wife. I know not what you mean. You give your promise ?

G. M. I promise.

Let Tellez have her. I approve the fact,
But woman's wit must shape the circumstance.

Wife. Your favor gained the rest will surely follow.

G. M. But see thou troubl'st me no more on 't.

Wife. Thanks, my good lord, you make two young hearts happy.

G. M. Aye ; there hath seemed some liking 'twixt the twain.

[*Exit Grandmaster.* CONFESSOR comes from behind curtain.]

Conf. Thou hast done well, my daughter. Holy dames
Have eke been canonised for lesser acts ;—
But will this promise of the Master's hold ?

Wife. As if accomplished. Though I fear his soul
In quests forbid and studies damnable
Abhorred of saints, yet I do know his word,—
His honor all may build on as a rock.

Conf. Even godless men may have some single grace ;
And now to consultation. First : the maid,
Thou dost advise she hath no foolish fancies ?

Wife. Her heart a page unwritten on.

Conf. And Tellez ?

Wife. Blindfold, captive in her train.

Conf. Thus stands our compact then : the golden rose
Can be but given to one of queenly birth,
Though thou would'st grace the rose thou may'st not have it,
But I shall pray our blessed sire the pope

To give to thee some special mark of grace,
Say, a toe-nail of San Geronimo,
Or patch-box fashioned out of the true wood,
Or caudle-pot that dame Elizabeth
Brought to the Holy Mother, or the like,
For thy great zeal towards poor straitened church.
The Lope lands will be bear division, thus :
The female fiefs Vivoras y Ruberta
Be ceded to the power ecclesial,
And this a zealous effort will obtain.
Though we poor priests be harmless as the dove
We must be wise as serpents ; therefore, daughter,
Press it on Tellez while his heart is green,
His wooing had not prospered but for me.
Ends sanctify the means. My daughter, know
A shadow lies upon thy husband's fame ;
The church is sore displeased ; her ire will fall,
And when the bolt strikes him it leaves for thee
A home as abbess upon Tellez' lands.
For Val Vivoras is a lovely site
For a joint convent and great monastery,
Within a district waiting to be tithed ;
The lands slope to the south, fed by mill streams,
Well clad with olives, while the rich, red soil
Ripens a muscat bouquet in the grapes,
The orange orchards bear, and the fishponds
Forbid the fear of famine fare in lent,—
(We must enlarge them and improve the stews,
For really one sees no carp now-a-days,)—
All these advantages point out the site
Of a foundation which St. Jago bless,
And which Church looks to thy shrewd zeal to gain.
Wife. Clara is careless, Tellez lightly led ;
No effort shall be found remiss of mine.

Conf. So let the compact be. 'Tis Christian deed,
A place of anchorage secure for thee,
And pleasing furthermore to Holy Church.

SCENE 2.—*Hall in Castle; CLARA, ISABELLA, YOLA, and Ladies.*

Isa. Clara, how sly to never say a word !

1st Lady. The Countess takes such interest in it too.

2nd. Not more than does the Master.

3rd. And the Frey.

4th. And all our gallants when they hear the news
Will top their helms with plumes of weeping willow
And run their joists as Knights of Broken Hearts.

5th. Methought our Isabella would be first
To break the circle of our charmed ring ;
But one makes many. 'Twill be all our turn
To drop the maid and put the matron on,
And I, for one, hope soon. Come, courage girls,
Else Isabella here will snatch next choice.

Isa. Sisters, I am vowed to celibacy.

All. Ha, ha !

1st Lady. The colors of the bride are blue and rose,
And I am brown,—they will not do for me,
I must have orange-tawny like a moor.

2nd. We cannot all have fair white skins like Clara.

1st. O, brown will do as well.

3rd. I shall wear white and pearl, fringed with down,

2nd. [aside.] And look just like a goose.

4th. Crimson for me in velvet, ermine-edged,
No one can carry that who is not tall.

3rd. [aside.] Vain thing,—a vine-pole !

5th. My father has a picture of a queen,
Her dress shall be my model, with my hair
Twined in a coronet three storeys high.

4th. Chit, thou art short, they'll take thee for a mime.

5th. Whate'er the dress, we must have true-love knots
Of early morning skyblue and faint rose,—
Forget-me-nots and peach blows.

1st. And then Don Tellez will be decked so brave,—
But Clara, why so silent?

Cl. You are so fond to hear your own tongues ring.

2nd *Lady.* Be sure we all rejoice.

Cl. Slight need for your rejoicing, yet I thank you.
It is a lot that surely comes to all,

This chance is mine, the next, some other maid's,
So each in turn must bow their heads and go,
Aught else would ill requite the cultured care
That brought us up with fitting pride of place
To know the duties of our high estate

And, when the time comes, to accept them too,
For noble demoiselles, I trust, are taught
To pass by flitting fancies, and obey.

Yet what need maid wish more than now is mine?

A gallant gentleman, a princely mien,

Tall, frank, young, brave, good-tempered, kindly, true,
And one that worships me and whom I know
Will ever let me have my own sweet way.

Don Tellez is a prize for any choice,

And certainly I ought to call it prize

That he, from some most lucky cast of taste,
Hath kindly something seen to choose in me.

Yola. [*aside to Clara.*] Sure thou art very happy.

Cl.

Hush, child, hush!

[*Enter SANCHE, CLOWN, and servants with torches.*]

San. Ladies, the Countess prays you will retire
Until the hall be lighted for the dance.

[*Ladies hurry off.*]

Clo. Now what ringdove scheming have these pretty flutterers
been at?

San. An' it be treason we should notify the Count.

Clo. To be rewarded by a punctured pelt, for—mark thee!—
a dove's peck draws blood. Cogsbones but sparrowhawk's stoop
breaks dovecote door. Yet the Good God is over all. Deniest
thou that, Sancho?

San. Lack 'a day, a wise fool knoweth more than a varlet's son.
My father was a man of naught.

Clo. Rejoice, good man, that thou art dull. Brains be a load
to carry and happy he that hath none. Light! light! light!

SCENE 3.—*Near the Castle.—Ravine with a waterfall;
trunk of a fallen tree spans the chasm.*—MAZIAS and NUGNE.

Maz. Ho for Galicia! Nugne.

Nug. Why, master?

Maz. For the reason that *I* go.

Nug. Methinks thou goest without reason, for reason teacheth
not to flee fortune. The Master loveth thee and cannot work
his accursed—[*crosses himself*] I mean venerable—incantations
without thee. Ladies sigh for thee and make eyes, and
Clara——

Maz. Dog! dost thou take that sacred name in vain!

Nug. An' I be a dog I be a faithful one and have herded thee
this many a year.

Maz. True, old friend. Forgive me ancient Nugne,
My temper is perturbed, I am unjust.

Nug. Justice, master, is no bite for man or dog. A bitter pill at best, I'll none of it. But thanks be to the saints few men have it to swallow.

Maz. Too true, I fear, good Nugne. But stir thee, man !
Give order for our horses, pack our mails,
See to our arms and make our settlings-up,
At peep of moonrise we depart from hence.

Nug. Master it shall be done. Soho for home !

Maz. [*solus.*] So ends my dream. The little seed of love
That fell upon my heart,—no stony ground,
And, silent germinating, grew and pushed
Sweet rootlets out till they had clasped and twined
With all my being's fibres, must be felled
And rooted out though all my heartstrings shriek.
The little crystal, bubbling fount of love
That like a living spring in golden sands
Spread to a rill, a lake, a sunny sea,
A sunlight ocean whereon ships might sail
To isles of gem and shores of paradise,
Must be dried up and leave but stranded wreck
On a Sahara bed of scorched sands.
The gates of Paradise that stood ajar,
And showed the angel natives 'mid their groves
Of trees of life on lawns of living green,
With lodges built of pearl and chalcedony,
Are sudden closed ere I have entered in.
Unhappy Mazias ! most unhappy scene,—
One last sad look to grave in morbid lines
Its features on my memory,—seared and old
For ever now and aye. One sole last plaint
And then my voice shall here be heard no more.

[*sings.*]

As rolls a wave of perfume o'er the sea
From rosefields windward, down to us a-lee,
In wave of langour cometh love to me.

Roberts'
"Younger Canadian Poets"

As all oppressed with sweets is July noon,
And leaves lack breath, and linnets cease their tune,
In noontide heat of love I faint and swoon.

As when the ardent sky grows overcast,
And ill winds rave, and dips the chaloupe's mast,
I wake ! the dream of love hath drifted past.

[*Yola appears on the bridge.*]

Maz. 'Ola ! ware ! guard thy steps,
'Ola there !

[*Yola descends.*]

Did'st not hear the 'ola ?

Yol. I am Yola.

Maz. Child, thou dost look like an embodied echo.
The bridge is dangerous. The height is great.
Could'st thou not see the signal ?

Yol. Alas, sir, I am blind.

Maz. Good heavens ! and yet wer't poised there in mid air.

Yol. The path is all familiar to my feet,
I heard thee singing and I paused to see
Where might the singer be.

Maz. Yet, Yola, thou art blind. To see, thou say'st.

Yol. O ! I can see although not with mine eyes.

Maz. Here gentle child, come lean thee on my hand,
And on this bank, while thou dost rest awhile,
Tell me more of the optic mystery
How one stone-blind may see.

Who art thou, child ?

Yol. I ? I am girl grown, and that is all.
The Count Villena bought me from the Moors ;
I am a Christian girl ; they say my hair
Is yellow-long like flax. I am not brown
But white and red they tell me, and my eyes

You know are blue and open, but no sight,—
Mayhap they could see when a little child.
I had a nurse once and she loved me well,
Perhaps she was my mother. She was sad
And ever weeping much, and then she died.
Do'st think she was my mother?

Maz. God knows, poor child; if so, Heaven sane her well.
And thou? Do'st thou belong to Count Villena?

Yol. I am a singing girl to his ward.
O! I am happy now, but sometimes sad,
The nights are long and frighten me.

Maz. And days?

Yol. Day bringeth happiness. I have my lute
And all my heart grows full of music too.
All things I see are near me in the day,
Not far away as night time. All is glad,
Glad sounds and pleasant touches and sweet smells,
And, out-of-doors, I see all thou can'st see,
Close to my fingers and not far away.

Maz. For thee all hearts must fill with soft compassion.
How kind is Nature to her slightest child.

Yol. I know what trees are, I have clasped their stems
And climbed among their leaves,—so many leaves,
And little birds came near me, not afraid;
I had a little bird once in my hand,
So soft and small and warm,—I pitied it
Poor little struggler, and it fled away.
And on the leaves of flowers I read sweet stories:
How some are jealous, those, they say, are yellow,
Others are calm like ladies,—they are white,
And therefore am I clad in white like them,
Others are always gay and gossiping
With heads together, and make much ado.

I love them best, and wear one in my breast—
See, it is rose and sweet and makes me glad;
And when the night is gone and day comes out
I lay my head among the fragrant flowers
And hear them growing.

Maz. Child, thou can'st not hear,
The sounds thou hear'st are bees and butterflies
All in the sunshine.

Yol. Is sunshine like thy voice?

Maz. Nay, child; sunshine makes glad.

Yol. And thy voice makes me glad. I heard thee speak
And then the air grew warm, and all a thrill
Ran through me in a tremble, as when sun
Comes sudden out and chases night away
And closed buds ope their petals.

Maz. Thou lov'st the sunlight?

Yol. O senor, much, therefore I love thee too.

Maz. Sweet innocent, as little to be blamed
For loving as the flower for loving sun.
But tell me, Yola, wherefore hast thou come?
Was it to seek me here?

Yol. I had forgotten,—
Here is a missive from a lovely dame.

[*Gives paquet.*]

Maz. Pshaw! none can now be lovely in mine eyes.
There is but one whose missive I could prize,
But that can never be.

Yol. Is there one thou lov'st?

Maz. More than thou lovest, Yola, flower or sun.
But stay —

Yol. [*pouting.*] Senor I do not wish to talk with thee,
I've done my mistress' bidding and I go. [Exit.]

Maz. Another glove, mayhap, to make a pair.

[*opens packet.*]

What's here? a scroll, and twined with rose and blue,
Her colors, the fair masque's,— a lightning ray
 Flashes through all my soul! 'twas she herself,
 'Twas Clara met me in the *Ladies'* mile
 And seeks me now. O happy, happy chance!
 O rose of roses, blue of violets' eyes,
 O colors blest of all the tints of prism,
 Because she chooses you to lie with her
 And take new lustre from her beauty's shine,—
 Here, next my heart, lie hidden. Now the scroll:

[*kisses it.*]

*"Beneath the chestnuts; hawk that spreadeth wing,
 Make not a flight till after curfew ring."*

O pellucid enigma! Clear obscure!
 Fly, fly, lag-footed minutes. Wane, O day,
 And bring the twilight and my love to me.

[*enter Nugne.*]

Nug. All will be ready, master, when the moon
 Lifts her top rim and gives but light enough
 For us to take the road as knights of moonlight.

Maz. Off with caparison! unbridle steeds!
 Blockhead, take off thyself! hie! hence! away!
 We go not to Galicia.

Nug. Thou hast forgot thine order, good my lord,
 The time was moonrise, and the day draws done.

Maz. Not all the longeared mules on all the roads
 Of Upper Spain shall draw me hence an inch!
 Here is my life-rest, my abiding tent,
 The ground where I shall put forth roots and grow;
 Here in Spain's naval shall I raise my shrine,

My quiring chauntry, my thanksgiving place.

Te Deum laudo ! Viva everything !

Five sequins and a candle to the saints,—

All-Saints, and they can settle their own shares.

Avoid thee, Nugne. Avoid ! [*Exit Mazias.*]

Nug. The grapes fill, and yet it is not comet year, (nat I know of. Saints forfend that my master's brain be not touched by a comet's tail. Vain as ere a weathercock. No moon with a bite out of it, that serves for vane on moresco steeple veers so quick. He called me dog, too, a very cometary sign, for in his senses he speaks no curs' words. Well then and if I be a dog I'll e'en doglike turn me round and lay me down again, nose to wind, till the wind change. Anan, a deep crack may be covered by a wide sombrero.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 4.—*Under the chestnuts ; CLARA, veiled, to her MAZIAS ; YOLA seated out of hearing.*

Cla. How sweet the scene beneath these leafy boughs,
How soothing to the thoughts these pensive shades,—
And yet I scarce had deemed that fiery knights
Would leave the gay delights of court and hall
To emulate weak maids, and pass the time
In twilight musings.

Maz. Lady, stricken hart
Seeks solitude. And there are doubts, hopes, fears
That drive men from the boisterous company
Of their lewd fellowmen, to muse alone
On one loved image ; and such case is mine.

Cla. — So that the presence of myself and maid,
Where we are wont to take the evening air,
Must jar on some great grief?—We will retire.

Maz. Not grief, but extasy of happiness ;

For never yet beneath umbrageous boughs
Was e'er so fair a presence,— never since
First blushed into warm life the primal Eve.

Cla. Thou speak'st of some masked lady of a dream.

Maz. Not of past dream, but of the present Thee ;
To walk with thee this stretch of grassy lawn,
To breathe with thee this placid evening air
Tumultuous stirs the current of my blood
And makes my heart throb like a beaten drum.
That thou art here this eve is e'en to me
More than the limit of my fond desire,
More than the orb that overhead illumines,
Or central fire that warms the inert world
And makes it put forth blossoms from its clods
And lights like lamps these spires of chestnut blooms,—
Thou, thou thyself art light and warmth and love,
For take thy presence hence and all is dead,
Cold and as chaos ere were dead men's bones.

Cla. Sir, I have heard that poets ever speak
In wild exaggeration, and 'twould seem
Are crazed especial when love is their theme,
Were all the world poetic it might do,
But such wild wooing is too far beyond
The shoal of commonplace, home-witted women,—
For every woman is but commonplace.

Maz. O say not so. 'Tis woman that inspires
The soul of man to grand unselfish deeds,
As worshippers lay down their lives for shrines.
Man's iron heart and cunning, reaching hand
Can carve out fame and honor and men's praise,
But woman must depend on man for fame,
Her only immortality is love.
Men die and are forgotten,— their loves live

Shrined in the reflex of the poet's lay,
And tongue will name while aye man's language lasts
Italian Beatrice, hell's poet's love,
And Laura loved in belled Avignon.

Cla. No woman covets immortality
Or sighs, like men, for post-funereal fame,
Her mission is the present, and her hopes
Are in the fulness of her life to reign.
We do not seek to be like angels wooed,
But much prefer to be as women won.

Maz. More than my angel thou, my deity,
My saint of adoration. I adore,
Bow down and tremble, stricken with the glory
Of the god I have set up for myself
And worship in a fane not made with hands.
The very dull earth where — O happy earth !
Thy shadow falls becometh holy ground
More sacred than if blessed by bishop's hands,
More consecrated than where Israel's priest
Put off his sandals. O adorable !
Forbid me not to worship, else I die.

Cla. This is but frenzy,—more irrational
Than full-moon madness. Calm thyself, I pray,
Smooth out these wild contortions of the brain
And list the tale I tell,—and weigh it well.

Maz. Thou art my mistress. I hear. I obey.

Cla. A lady of the Court is much displeased
With one, she has discovered, worships her,
For though such worship may be but slight crime,
It must be quite resultless,—by no chance
Or force of circumstances can it be
The lady can encourage such mad love ;
The rather that the amorous cavalier

Is not content with wooing in the dark
 But,—like a prodigal who taps his wine
 And lets it flood the channels for the mob,—
 Permits his love's fierce tide to overflow
 Where men may see it running, and make mock.
 This lady *might* accept the lover's meed
 If it went with discretion. Might, mayhap,
 Look pityingly upon his earnest plaint
 And give a slight return of love if she ——

Maz. And She, O Heaven ! ——

Cla. I charge thee, name her not !

—— But that she fears a light, love-freighted bark,
 Steered by a poet, might with all-spread sail
 Dash in upon the many hidden rocks
 And wreck himself and her.

Therefore this lady
 Lays this charge on her worshipper :— that he
 Love her no more ; that in the deeds of arms,
 Or in the pleasant field of simple song
 He seek to gain a name,— forgetting her,
 And when men laud him, in her secret heart
 An echo will forbid her to forget.

Mza. O Clara ! can'st thou thus pronounce my doom,
 So calmly sign death-warrant ? Bid me die,
 But do not ask of me to cease to love.

Cla. [*coldly.*] I ask thee one request and 'tis refused.

Maz. Ask the impossible, yet will I try.
 Are there not other maidens fair and kind
 Who may if wooed be won ? Is such thy will ?
 Not be it so ! — but far from these loved scenes
 Bid me depart to see thy face no more ;
 A moorish lance will let out Mazias' life,
 And on my heart the riflers of the dead

Will find my faithful, sole love-talisman —
 A riband band of azure blue and rose.
 This night I go. [going.]

Cla. [raises her veil.] Nay, go not, Mazias. Can I bid thee die?
 I could not choose but mourn ; but curb thy love,—
 We women are not angels, and a flame
 That modified might kindle other flame,
 If uncontrolled might scorch up plighted word
 Or — set the world on fire.

[Exit, followed by Yola.]

Maz. [to Yola.] Thou weepest, Yola, why those tears, dear child?

Yol. For nothing.

Maz. Nay, my child. It is not so.
 Thou would'st not weep for nought nor yet for naught,
 Then tell thy grief, sweet one. Why weepest thou?

Yol. I weep because — because the night comes on.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE 5.—*Near the Castle.*—D'ERCILLA, and BERTOLA disguised as a gypsy.

D'Erc. By the nose of St. Bodolpho, pretty Bertola, thou look'st twice prettier as a gitana. Here is the gold I promised thee for the travestie. Think'st thou can'st act the part? Thou look'st it rarely. A jewel thou art in the ear, my dear, of the gay bridegroom Rebolledo.

Bert. The odious wretch, I hate him.

D'Erc. Already? Ere the honeymoon hath filled its horns? What hath his death-worthy offence been against his blooming bride?

Bert. Overfondness, the oaf. Follows me as a motherless lamb follows her dam. Stares at me till his looks prick me like thorns. I can neither laugh, walk, eat nor sleep for him.

D'Erc. A very calamitous situation. Then thou lov'st him no longer?

Bert. Not I.

D'Erc. Perhaps thou lov'st another?

Bert. Perhaps.

D'Erc. Me, belike?

Bert. That depends.

D'Erc. Let it depend a little longer. Now here is what thou hast undertaken to do. Note yonder gallant approaching. He is a gentleman of the Court, amorous and devout as Frey Domingo, and, consequently, jealous. Some of us other gamesome cavaliers would take our divertisement that, on the bet of a trotting cob, he cannot name his rival. To him, girl, with thy Satan's eyes and gitana tongue and tell him the man who enjoys his enamorada's favor is — Mazias.

Bert. But Mazias loves the Lady Clara de Lope.

D'Erc. Say'st thou foolish wench? Clara? by this token her name is Clara, but there be other Claras than Light of the Moon.* Another Clara this, a little black-a-vised trull that serves sour wine in a venta. Clara de Lope? — absurd.

Bert. Are all his Clara songs in praise of a slut in a wineshop, — a lass no better than me?

D'Erc. Aye, sure. Poets, you know, are mad, and Mazias is mad for coal-black eyes, — like thine. He will sing thee next in verses that will never die, and make thee as immortal as Ananias and Sapphira.

Bert. I will not have a hand in hurt to Mazias.

D'Erc. Hurt! no hurt. An excellent jest i' faith. Mazias himself shall laugh, and thank thee with a kiss, mayhap. But see our gull comes.

* Clara di luna.

Bert. If I could think —

D'Erc. — never think more, sweet Bertola. It is an exercise beyond thy powers.

[*D'Ercilla hides. Enter TELLEZ.*]

Tel. Hither have I been led by a secret missive, yet see I no one. Were it not that a vague uneasiness disturbs me since Clara was promised to be mine, I had not come hither on, perchance, a fool's errand. I fear I know not what. That Gallician singer who hath risen so swiftly in the Master's favor told true in his tawdry ballad: "love is life's unrest." Heigh-ho!

Bert. [*approaches.*] Fair caballero, list the gitana!

Tel. Go, lewd one, daughter of a race accursed.

Bert. I read thy thoughts —

Tel. Go, go.

Bert. — of one thou lovest well.

D'Erc. Go, foolish.

Bert. One whom thou fain would'st keep unstolen. One
Whom others envy thee. Whom yet thou deem'st
Unknown and keep'st concealed from envious eyes
Is at this moment stirring up thy thoughts.
But, wiser than the gentiles, by our arts
And shrewd traditions we gitani know
That where the honey hangs the wasps will buzz
And flies make half-moon bites in budding fruit,
So with the hidden treasure of thy love
I know — I know — I know.

Tel. What dost thou know, good girl?

Bert. I know one singing wasp hath found the honey,
I know his name and hers.

D'Erc. Perdition!

Bert. Trust the gitana! trust the gitana!

Tel. [*seizes her.*] Wretch, thou shalt speak

Or I may spoil thy foully handsome face
And soil my hands with thy dank puddle blood.

Bert. Do murder. Do. But know insensate man
Thou can'st not force a word from gypsy lips,
Our folks have died ere now and held their peace,
Gitano's mouth speaks free, or not at all.

Tel. [*releasing her.*] Speak girl. See here is go! .. Thou hast
disturbed

My being strangely. Tell the lady's name.

Bert. [*aside.*] So, there is more in this than I divine,
But Mazias, giver of my bridal wreath,
Shall have no ill from me.

[*aloud*] — Her name is Clara.

Tel. Ha! and his?

Bert. How name the singing-bird that sits on tree?
At night 'tis Nightingale, by day 'tis Finch,
Or Linnet, Robin Red or Oriole,
All these sing sweetly, and so sing they all:
O Clara, Clara, Cla —

[*pirouettes off; D'ERCILLA reappears.*]

D'Erc. Walking here, Tellez?

Tel. My friend, I fain would be alone awhile,
A little thing,—a thing of no import,
A very trifling nameless circumstance
Claims my attention. Go, d' Ercilla.

D'Erc. Say it imports not ill, and make me happy.

Tel. No, no. Go.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE 6.—*Court behind the castle.*—MAZIAS; to him enter
TELLEZ.

Tel. A word, sir.

Maz.

Sir, a whole lexicon.

Tel. Men say,—but then men lie,—thou art a soldier
And skilful with thy blade. And women say
Thy hand is much more facile with the wires
Of jangling gitterns than it is with steel.
Is this true, sir?

Maz. In this sole instance, sir, men do not lie,
Nor women neither.

Tel.

If 'tis true 'tis well.

Maz. I know thee not, save as a courtier
Attendant on the court. But I can see
Upon thy visage shade of angry cloud
And in thy language gusts of fretfulness,
The pent-up lightning gathers in thine eye,
And these I deem the signs of coming storm.

Tel. If such be then thy knowledge, act on it.

Maz.

I will. [*draws.*]

Tel. Nay, hold! thou ask'st not thine offence.

Maz. Enough if I have given one.

[*They fight.*]

Fair adversary, drop our points and rest
A breathing time. I have a spell of proof.

Tel. Knights wear no spells, and if they did 'twould take
A potent spell to parry a stoccato.

Maz. Yet is my spell a word of might. One word.
All pow'rful to compel the sun in heaven
And men on earth. 'Twould make even cowards brave
And gallant men invincible. O Clara!

Tel. Hold! braggart, ere thou mak'st thy lying boast
Know that fair Clara is betrothed,—and mine.

M.

Man; dost thou own the sun?

Is the air thine? Are all the breathing flowers,

All balmy odors, birdsongs, rippling sprays,
All things that live in love, for only thee?
Then were the world chaos, blank as night,
Cold as the icehills, hard as adamant,
Cruel as fate. No, valiant Count de Tellez,
The sun *will* shine beyond its sphere of clouds,
All life *will* love, the eye drink beauty in,
The ear will vibrate and the senses thrill,
And though she be thy wife,—the lady Clare,
Ask not the world nor me to cease to love.

Tel. Guard! [*rushes furiously on Mazias; they fight; Tellez' foot slips and he is disarmed.*]

Damnation! to my rival!

Maz. Take up thy steel,—none better fit to wear it;
Yet did I hold thy life at my sword's point
And could have sent thy soul to purgatory
But that I willed it not. Take up thy steel.

Tel. I cannot more raise sword against thy life,—
O woeful chance!—the sword thou hast returned;
Would thou had pierced me ere the faithless blade
Turned traitor in my grasp. O woe is me!

Maz. Is not the world full large for thee and me?
How can one puny mortal shade the sun?
If Clara love thee—O transcendant Gods!
Be grateful for the gift; but men have eyes
And eyes will look on beauty, and men's hearts,
Inoculate by the eyes, will glow with love
And yet thou be not wronged. Thou lov'st her well,—
Then I can have no quarrel with thee more,
More than I would if thou should'st own a fire
And I in winter feel its genial heat.

Tel. Mazias, I take my life. I count thee madman,
Although a brave one.

I see thy madness and I know thy play,
And never more will I cross swords with thee,—
And yet—what shall I say?

Maz. Say thou art
The only man that Mazias dare not meet,—
Say anything. And yet, O gentle knight,
If thou dost deem thy life as half a boon
Do me a favor I shall thank thee for,
Here is my sword, the hilt is to thy hand,
Take it and pierce the cincture of my heart,—
Smite strongly, and by doorway of the wound
Let in sweet death and out my fond despair.
Good Tellez, wilt thou do this thing for me?
Tel. Unhappy man! but that my soul recoils
And manhood would cry shame, I'd bid thee live
And hope to win her whom thou lov'st so well,
But, as it is, I pity. Let us part
Not enemies nor friends, but as we may
Each bear his pitying or his breaking heart.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Great hall of the castle.*—GRANDMASTER, TELLEZ,
D'ERCILLA, MAZIAS, *knights, heralds, soldiers.*

G. M. Most valiant knighthood, gentlemen of Spain !
Good news. A severance soon 'twixt sword and sheath.
The Calif in his quick and fiery pride,—
(And let us speak well of a valiant foe,)—
On some dispute of tariff or the like
Is massing scymitars along the line.
This warcloud may blow over,—or may not,
In either case there is a call to arms,
I call for captains.—

Tel. I.

D'Erc. And I.

Knights. And I.

Maz. So please you, I.

G. M. There spoke the old Iberian blood. Friends,
Brothers-in-arms, wherever honor calls
None dare usurp the undisputed place
Ever reserved in battle's foremost van,
For us poor knights of Calatrava.
War is not yet declared ; our orders are
To call our levies in, to mass supplies,
To pack our equipage and stores ; and arm
In readiness at single moment's haste

To boot and saddle. Act on these commands.
 Lay out a camp at distance of three leagues
 At Arcola beyond the castle grounds ;
 There may our ladies join us for the nonce
 Until the trumpet frights them back again.
 I, brothers, as of old will be your chief,
 But if this gust grow to a set essay
 Of Christian cross against the Paynim moon,
 We take the field beneath King Henry's eye
 And fight for in and Him.

Ho ! heralds, sound !

[trumpets sound a point of war.]

Thus saith my lord the King :

[reads]

"If it be war, We, Henry, take command.
 Around Us, comrades, bare your trusty blades,
 Forth on the frontier of Grenada fling
 Castille's proud banner,
 The castle golden and the lion gules,
 We for the Right, Jago and God for Spain."

Soldiers,

Viva el Rey !

[curtain falls.]

SCENE 2.—*Battlement of the castle.*—CLARA, ISABELLA,
 YOLA and ladies; martial music and troops passing below
(unseen.)

1st Lady. O what a glorious thing to be a man !

2nd. O no ! it is a solemn, dreadful thing.

3rd. How frightened they must be.

1st. Thou coward girl,
 See how their faces gleam. I know they feel
 Just like wild bulls in the arena ring ;

There's something very savage in a man.

4th. There's something very brave in these our men.

Look at the Master,—like a tower of strength,

Calm in his majesty, a prince of men,

Command is in his mien, fire in his eye,

Yet is his manner quiet, as of one

To whom war is a pastime and grim death

An old acquaintance if not almost friend.

What pity that his locks are streaked with grey.

2nd. 'Tis old men should be brave, their time is short.

3rd. A shocking thing to think the master could

With but a breath let loose this armed host

Like hell-dogs to work ruin, fire and blood.

2nd. What would you have? men like to rend and tear,

And those smooth sirs would rather kill than not,

Worse than sleek leopards.

3rd. See, those pretty pages,

How sad mere children should be dragged to death,

Poor little fellows, if they knew their fate!

And yet they are quite gay and march along

In merriment and playing monkey tricks.

1st. Pages do not fight.

3rd. But arrows fly,

And some poor mother soon may miss her son.

1st. Fortune of war, my dear,—you have no son.

3rd. And would not have one as a gift be sure.

2nd. I think that is Don Juan Calderon,

A very noble knight. His eyes are blue.

4th. Here comes Sir Tellez, like a summer sunset

All rose and azure. How the colors stream

Mingling with the white cirrus of his plume.

1st. D'Ercilla's helm is like a harvest moon

Seen through a fog.

Ladies.

Where ? where ?

5th. No, it is like an autumn evening sky
After a day of heat, all jaune and violet,
Our Isabella's colors.

1st.

Much of it

Would give one jaundice. I hate aught that's yellow.

Isa. [*aside.*] Then she must hate her own complexion much.

3rd. Who is that stalwart figure in dark mail ?

2nd. A doughty knight, my dear. Sir Fernan-Perez,

Impervious to lanceheads. In the lists

Blows ring on him as on an anvil block

And with the same effect. A man of bronze.

4th. Yola, what pity 'tis thou can'st not see.

Yol. O, but I saw the Master as he passed.

4th. Child, he rode first, at head of all the knights.

Yol. I know his charger's hoof-steps anywhere,—

And now Don Mazias passes.

4th.

It is so.

How did'st thou see, thou fairy without eyes ?

Yol. I heard him speak but now ; he said : "rein-right."

Cla. How can'st thou tell his voice, thou foolish one ?

Yol.

It is like sunshine.

Isa.

He sits his charger well.

Cla. I do not think so. There are many knights

With better port than he. His horse is good.

1st. He has no lady's favor on his helm —

Stay,—he has colors on the point of lance,

He too wears blue and rose.

Isa.

Clara's colors.

Cla. Silly ! thine eyes are dim,— those are not mine

But red and green I think. [*aside.*] Imprudent man !

2nd. Ha, it is flowers he wears,— iris and rose.

5th. Just like a poet to wear flower buds
As emblems of some merely fancy maid.

Cla. Your poets have been noted in all time
For loving no one but their own creations.

2nd. The knights have passed, here come the men-at-arms.

[*Military music from below and soldiers' voices singing in chorus.*]

Loved Espagna! loved Espagna!
Answering to thy call,
Uprise thy ever-faithful sons,—
Here come we one and all!
Shall Spain submit to Moslem thrall?
Shall we live ought but free?
For Spain we fight, or for her fall,—
Death! or the victory!
Loved Espagna, loved Espagna ———

[*voices pass.*]

[*Ladies from the battlement.*]

Loved Espagna! loved Espagna!
Here Spanish women stand,
And loyal see their loved go forth
To fight for native land;
The mothers give their gallant sons,
The maids their lovers free,
O Heaven, return our much-loved ones
In glorious victory!
Loved Espagna ———

SCENE 3.— *A court of the castle.*— COOK and servants, with baggage.

Cook. The blessing of good St. Athanasius be on these accursed paynims, for here be my pans and pots at rack and manger. A plague o' war. An' they must fight why not fight it out on a nuncheon snack and have it over by dinner time. Here be hills of kid and a Puy de Pic of pie, forests of greens and a herd of wineskins sent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Hungry Mouths in the Forest. An' such things be, a poor cook might as well be

a knight or e'en the Master himself, as have his furnaces out and his equipage set a-travelling.

[*Enter Assistants.*]

1st Asst. Here, master, be the cordials with the bottles bursten and mingled wi' the salt.

Cook. Gather up, gather up,—'tis but a saline purge the more and saving of a journey to the baths of Salado where they drink of stinking waters.

2nd Asst. The pasties be all spoiled and Pedro hath sitten down in the tub.

3rd Asst. The dogs ha' gotten at the Master's haunch and gored it even as it were alive in the wood.

4th Asst. And the bottom hath fallen out of Sancho's mule and the condiments are trampled in the ordure. Marry, you may nose them from here to Toledo.

5th Asst. Master ——

Cook. Say no more. Say no more. The Day of Judgment be upon us as foretold in the apocalypse. Unhappy cook am I. Good butcher, sharpen thy whittel on thy boot and slit me my weazan.

Bu. An' thou say'st it, good master, I must do 't, else lose my day's wage. And when thou art converted into ass-meat what is to be done with these sumpter-loads of provend? The gentles wait for viand at Arcola.

[*Enter CLOWN.*]

Clo. An' grace goeth before meat grace be with this mule-train. Secula seculorum. Good master cook, thy girdle looks as thou wert over-eaten and thy face as it wert lent. Perpend thee, man, the kitchener sendeth meat, but who sends the cooks? I charge thee on thine allegiance, who sendeth cooks?

Cook. I be no student of Salamanca; that I cannot tell.

Clo. The father of soups, the parent of roast and grill. Now

go thy ways and repent of thy sins of short seasoning, else will thy father call thee home and make of thee a veal grillado. St. Lawrence in the pagan buttry will be nothing to thee in the way of gridiron.

Cook. Well-a-day while the riddle simmers the guests wait.

Clo. Go thy ways, and God be with thee.

Cook. Though he be with me they maun ha' their meats. Ill fighting on an empty stomach. John Muleteer, gee, whup, whoa ! Go on John.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter ISABELLA and BERTOLA.*]

Isa. See thou forget it not ; these are the colors :
 Azure and rose in one, and in the other
 Yellow and violet, and let there be
 A choice sufficient of these bound in posies,—
 As for the others, any garden flowers
 Of any mingled hues will serve the turn.
 Take careful note of that which Mázias culls ;
 Give him no hint to choose, but if he take
 Either the rosy-blue or violet-jaune,
 Tell him the maid whose colors he hath ta'en
 Will be, this evening, by the marble fount
 Beyond the glade set for to-morrow's feast
 At Arcola in the forest.

[*D'ERCILLA passes.*]

Bert. I understand ;
 Lady, within three hours it shall be done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—*Camp at Arcola.*—NUGNE, soldiers.

Soldier [*whistling and singing as he polishes his arquebus.*]

Plague take the rust, how quick it eats the steel,
Swallows it as a moor's midriff eats lance :—

[sings]

O the beauty without copy,
O my charming Clare de Lope !

Nug. Where had'st thou that song, comrade ?

Sold. Out of the brainpan of the gallant hidalgo el Don Senor de Mazias capidano of this troop and spitter of Moors to our most Christian rey :

O the beauty —

Nug. My master never wrote such stuff.

Sold. An' he did not, one wrote it for him. Old Macho of the Turntails belike,— he is a good hand at a "rear-forward ! march !" Did'st ever hear his "slit the paynims' weasand, boys !" — a brave marching tune and rhymes time like Lolah's tambourine. This is it —

[whistles.]

Nug. An' the captain hear thee sing of the Senorita Clara thou may'st chance to come to the halberts.

Sold. Sorry-pated knave, dar'st halberds to me ? Can the captain halberd the whole camp ? for there be not a horseboy, third as long as a pike, that doth not know it and sing it too. I do :

O my charming Clare —

caramba — whish — whish — whish — how the rust sticks :

— de Lope.

now my beauty thou begin'st to shine. Flash out my bonny piece — pr-r-r-r-r — lock springs and bolts draw. Pruts ! another rhyme keeps trotting in my head like a borrico in a baggage wagon :

Loado seas, amor,
Por quantas penas padezco! *

[*Enter BERTOLA with a basket of bouquets made up as ladies' colors.*]

Bert. Good Nugne, where is thy master?

Nug. An' thou seek'st him with thy damnable greens he is nowhere, in the land of not to be seen.

Bert. Bit thy tongue ere thou bridl'st me, base groom. I am meat for thy master.

Nug. Chut! wench. Think'st thou we soldados look for virtue in a posy wench?

Bert. Soldado quotha! a tun-bellied follower, a battener on the spoil, a very unvenerable ancient.

Soldiers. To him! little tigercat, to him!

Nug. Nay, an' thou call'st the guard I e'en surrender.

Bert. Else had'st thou felt my claws. Where is thy master?

Sold. Here cometh the capidan with his head drooped on his breast, belike compounding a new song. Pray Beelzebub his first be "up!" and his next a victory.

[*Enter MAZIAS, apart.*]

Bert. Senor, wilt please to buy my posies?

Maz. Art thou not the vinedresser's Bertola?

Bert. Ah, senor, I am happy in thy remembrance. Wilt choose a pretty posy? Here be daffydowndillies, yellow as gold, and nested in clumps of violets. Balm for thy wounds, and pansies for thy thoughts. And here be moss-rosebuds and cyclamens, rosy and azure. Here are white lilies, but they be for nuns that know not love. Pæonies for welcome home and forget-

* From a rhyme written by Mazias, and still extant.

me-nots for goodbye. These be passion-flowers to say thy prayers on, and poppies for a sinful sign. Note thee well, senor, these be brown arums,— these are me, and if such be thy choice I say not nay. Thou might'st choose worse than the brown arums ; they would be true,— to thee. Here are all ladies colors and ladies' loves go with them. Come buy my pretty posies. Come buy. Come buy !

Maz. Sweet children of the summer, loves of earth,
Stars of the greensward, fragile, animate gems,—
But, girl, why bring thy festal, bridal blooms
Into a camp of war ?

Bert. To keep thy memory green, brave capitan.
Choose now the colors of thy lady love,
And deem she sends them thee.

Maz. Good girl,— if good,— thou hast a glozing tongue.

Bert. A wise one, senor ; life is but for love.
Within these posies are hung hidden tongues
May tell thee something. Choose a posy, sir.

[*Mazias selects a posy of rose and azure. Enter D'ERCILLA
booted as from a journey ; he conceals himself.*]

D'Erc. [*aside.*] What treachery have we here ? Three hours ago
This baggage was in talk with Isabelle,
And now I find her trading secret wares
With Mazias, the loon. Licentious trull,
A go-between, I'll have her scourged from camp.
And Isabella too ! Hath truth gone dead ?
If *She* be false my vengeance hot shall fall
On him, the rhyming schemer. Let me watch.

Maz. [*to Bert. giving money.*] Dross for thy flowerbuds ; buy
thyself a veil

To hide the bold temptation of thine eyes,
And take thee this advice : come not again,
The camp is none too safe for pretty girls.

Bert. Safe as a cell for me. — I wear a knife.
But, captain, stoop thine ear and hear a secret :
The lovely maid whose colors thou hast chosen
Will be, this twilight, by the marble fount
A mile beyond the camp, beside the glade
Wherein is meant to hold to-morrow's feast.
The news is worth a kiss. Ha ! ha !

[*runs off.*]

Maz. Seductive jade. Yet it is bold of Clara.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter COOKS with baggage ; also CLOWN.*]

Cook. The stomach within me ringeth hollow for meat, were it but a quart of vintage and a pesos of pasty. Three leagues have I hauled my batteries and broke not fast. One mile more, and if I reach land, without soups fermented, and no dog stale on the confection of the Passion, I vow to St. Julian six criss-crossed cradle cakes to the first traveller that wayfareth zionward with his nose pointing for Calvery.

Clo. Ring thy vows with cudgel on mule's ribs. Julian can do nothing for thee among these camp companions.

Sold. Companion ! say'st thou me ? to me ? gentleman of Spain ! Take that for thy companion. Off, chuff ! [*beats him off.*] A wattled cockscomb ! Art thou his abettor ?

Cook. [*falls on his knees.*] Kind cut-throats, slay not my soul. Unhappy cook am I, with but a modicum of flesh on his bone. No fool am I, nor abettor ; my brain be not witty enough for a fool. Worthy murderers, eat all I have, but spare my life.

Sold. Up from thy marrowbones, ox ! Shall beef like thee pass through camp without a rump-cut ? Turn us out that hamper.

Cook. [*rises.*] And welcome, gentle stabbers. Eat and drink for to-morrow ye die. The provend be not mine, but the Mas-

ter's, and a tale of a spilled mule will account for the loss. A white lie is a clean saucepan that blacketh not the breech. Eat till belt unbuckle, but spare my life.

Soldiers [seizing hamper.] This to the kettle.

Sentinels challenging. All's well !

Within. All's well !

SCENE 5.—*Near the camp.—By a fountain, beneath green trees.*—CLARA *sola.*

Cla. Beneath the umbrage of these spreading boughs,
No life astir to break the loneliness,
No murmur but the pattering of the rill,
I seek the solitude to still my heart
And come to a decision in my thoughts.
A glamour is upon me. Is it love ?
Alas, I know not, but I fear may be.
This stranger who would wreck all for my love
Me proffers love, but as a flaming fire
That chars the thing it feeds on. Have I quite
Escaped the warmth of the all-scorching flame ?
I fear me, not. Alas, I fear me much
My heart, against my will, will bear a scar.
Yet am I plighted to a gallant spouse
Who loves with moderation, yet with all
The manliness that speaks a noble soul.
Weak Clara ! is there room to pick and choose
Between a love that keeps me in a fear
And one the heart can safely rest upon
Until old age creeps on to close the scene.
No ; 'tis decided ; Tellez' I must be,
And this wild lover I no more must see.

[*Enter Mazias.*]

Maz.

Clara !

Cla. By what right break'st thou on my privacy,
O most imprudent Mazias? Yet 'tis well,
I longed to see thee — that I might at once,
For ever, aye, and ne'er to be recalled,
Give thee a full dismissal from my heart.
I might have loved thee, but stern fate forbids;
Think of me henceforth as the bride of Tellez.

Maz. O lady without pity.

Cla. I may not hear thy complaints,— must steel my heart
And guard it well from thy seductive tones;
My pity sure thou hast, but, on thy part,
Show pity and not urge me with a word.
My courage is not valiant. Here with thee
I dare not stay. Besides, some one approaches.

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter ISABELLA.*]

Isa. [*aside.*] The rose and azure posy was his choice,
And so he deems he will meet Clara here;
'Twas well he saw her not. Her presence might
(The purring cat,) have predisposed his mind
To treat me with disdain; so here alone
I have him to myself, and on this cast
I set the haszard of my life, and take
A plunge unmaidenly to know my fate.
[*to Mazias*] Unlooked for pleasure, *Senor.* Brave Don Mazias,
In truth thou hast a lonely post to guard,—
Pray do not take me for an enemy,
I should surrender,—yet now — let me think —
Perhaps this is no post of sentinel,
But trysting place set for some lady fair.

Maz. No, no
None can be fairer than thyself, fair lady.

Isa. Don Mazias, as mere chance hath brought us here,
Let us discourse in friendly talk awhile ;
We chattering women say thy heart is stone,
That not a living maid of mother born
Can touch thy fancy. But sure 'tis not so.
So great a soul and full of poesie
Ne'er yet was marble wall to woman's love ;
All noble breasts like thine have some small nook
And hidden corner wherein love may dwell
To warm the gelid terrain of the heart
Until it put forth flowers and bloom amain ;
Sure thou art not like the Sierra's top
That takes the delicate, roseate hue of love,
While underneath lie chasms of thawless ice
And snowy caverns that no sun can warm.
Dear Mazias, dost thou love ?

Maz. Love is reciprocal, dear maid, they say ;
I love, but know not if I am beloved.

Isa. Hard must the maid's heart be as adamant
That when thou lovest would not love again.
Is it Estella ?

Maz. While stars shall shine fond men will love their light,
But stars heed not though Mazias worship them.

Isa. Hermione is fair.

Maz. As summer flower.

Isa. I may not think it Clara ; all her love
Is given to brave Don Tellez.

Maz. Don Tellez is a gallant cavalier,
And if he loveth much is happiest man
Since Adam first met Eve in paradise.

Isa. Lov'st thou where Tellez loves and is beloved ?

Maz. My love hath flight too high, e'en to the gem

That tops the apex of love's topmost crown,
The flawless pearl of perfect womanhood.

Isa. Is she more fair than I?

Maz. I think thou art more fair.

Isa. Can'st thou not whistle down this soaring love
That flies at one that is not meant for thee,
And take the message brought thee by the page?

Maz. My memory hath been overborne of late,
It holds not water. I can not recall
The bootless message brought me by the page —
Froward boy.

Isa. Mazias, I throw myself upon thy pity.
I humbly offer thee all woman can,
Myself, my love, my life. I cast my fate
Upon thy mercy,— hear my passionate prayer,
Speak kindly to my breaking, passionate heart.

Maz. O wayward fate that bars my heart to thee.
Another fills with love its inmost cells,
That other, too, methinketh loves me not,
Yet do I love. Dear maid, I cannot love thee.

Isa. I ask thee not; I seek not for thy love,
Let me but be thy slave, thy trull, thy thrall,
To buffet, spit upon, neglect or starve,
To be thy patient waiting-drudge in camp
Or at thy stirrup run as menial groom —

Maz. It cannot be.

Isa. O cruel! cruel!
My love despised, myself abashed, abased.—
Look to thyself, proud man! love turns to hate,
I hate thee — hate thee — hate,— and hate means death
To thee or me.

Maz. Blame not thyself, dear lady. 'Tis a slip

That women's hearts oft make but soon outgrow,
The blame is mine, the sole and only blame,
The pain, the shame, remorse and bitter woe.

[*Exit.*]

Isa. O shame — shame — shame, the black and burning shame !
Not shame to love him, but that all my charms
Should fail to win one spark of love again.
Hell rages in my bosom. Throb ! wild heart !
Throb out the last drop of rejected love
And fill with woman's hatred and revenge !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 6.— *Glade in the forest.— A feast spread.— COOKS
and assistants; CLOWN.*

Cook. Thanks be to the Saints in bliss, the feast is spread.
Holy Moses and bearded Arum had not cook's journey like mine
through the desert of Sin. Quails and manna, quotha ? — puk-
ing provend,— a' marvel not they sighed for the fleshpots. Here
be the land of Egypt, roast and boil, grill and barbacue, with
pigeon-breast for the dames and rump for the men of might. For
what we are about to receive, even so, amen. Pray God, John
Cellarer hath not soured the grapes.

Clo. Where be this varlet-cook, this man of pots ? Come hither
Potifero.

Cook. God be wi' thee, fool, distract me not ; thou see'st I
am deep in projection.

Clo. Call'st thou projection these slabs of meat, powdered with
dust as if set forth by the queen's poisoner ?

Enter Cellarer. Not a tear of Christ's tears but hath been for-
gotten. Never a drop to wet a whistle. Marry, 'twas the
lachrymæ was stolen by these camp followers.

1st Asst. The mustard hath broken loose in the oxymel, and the
rats have nibbled the peacock's tail.

2nd Asst. Master, master ! sweet Gehesu's dog hath staled upon the Passion.

Cook. Providence hath forsaken us. I am a ruined cook. Here come the company.

[*Enter ISABELLA as queen, GRANDMASTER, TELLEZ, d'ERCILLA, knights, ladies, duenna. They seat themselves around banquet.*]

G. M. Who to-day is captain of the guard ?

Tel. Don Mazias, sir.

G. M. One pleasant guest the less.

D'Erc. [*aside to Isabella, who responds aside.*]
Clara will miss him.

Isa. Why Clara ?

D'Erc. How blind you ladies are with your bright eyes,
A bat can see the mad Gallician loves her,
And Clara favors him.

Isa. And what says Tellez ?

D'Erc. Tellez is doubly blind and trebly deaf,
The very drum-boys bawl out wanton songs
Of tra-li-la forsooth and Clare de Lope.

Isa. Mazias is not the man to bruit his love,
That I *do* know. He is not indiscreet.

D'Erc. Perhaps thou know'st who sent Bolledo's wife
To make appointments with him.

Isa. Thou art a wretch,
And mad and jealous. Trouble me no more.

Tel. [*to G. M.*] Excellency, those levies from your fiefs,
At first when caught quite wild and disciplineless,
Are being rapidly licked into shape.
The feeling in the camp is good, and if
The trumpet would but sound a quick advance,

While discipline is new and courage high,
I ask no more than lead them anywhere,
For soldiers, worth aught, little brook delay.

G. M. Brave knights ! my comrades all. This speck of war
Hangs on the edge of sky nor bodes to grow
But seems not, like a raincloud, to disperse,—
Hence shall our levies still keep under arms,
And till we hear the wished-for bugle blow
The camp remain a camp of exercise ;
Tellez will act as our lieutenant-aide
And captain in our absence, under us,
For while the war is waged by heralds' tongues
And not, as honest war, by knightly swords,
I, for myself, return to Calatrava.

[*Murmurs among the knights.*]

I share your feelings, comrades. Bitter choice
When tabards oust laced corslet and closed helm,
And clerks and shavelings with their protocols
Go trotting on fat mules between the lines.
St. Jago's self confound their politics,
Frustrate their scheming wiles and bring us war,—
War ! — under favor of our Lord the King.

Knights. Swords ! Calatrava ! Stand fast, Spain !

G. M. Brave brothers ! hearts of steel ! we bide our time,
Our duty bids delay. So may it be.
Stand forth, young pages ! let us have a lay
Of chivalry with something stirring in it,
God and the Ladies, or something like that.

Pages with stringed instruments.

As the bell
Told 'twas midnight to the peoples,
It befell
All at once were lit the links,

Ruddying all the casement clinks
And flashing up for many an ell
Streaks of flame athwart the steeples,
As the troop began to stir
Down the causeway of St. Cyr.

Four with bauldrons on their backs
Marched along as fugles,
Then the tambours with their drums
And the blowers, with their thumbs
On the brazen bugles;
Twenty minstrels with rebecs
Played along in fives,
Then the headsmen, two and two,
Then, bareheaded, REN de LOU
With his wrists in gyves.

The provost's men beside in rows
Stumped in their scarlet frocks,
Behind him strode the good crossbows
With strings upon the locks,
And billmen, with gnarled fronts like bulls,
In morlons and in jacks,
And knaves with pots upon their skulls
And axes at their backs.

Destriers champ and armor rings
As each war-steed prances,
And the flashing torchlight flings
Half-moons from the lances,
And the twangling rebecs' strings
Chime and chord their utterings
With the rhythm the horsehoof rings,
As the troop advances.

Not with penitential psalms,
Though he rode with clasped palms,
Not with wail and dole,
But in cortege 'neath the arch,
Rebecs playing wedding march,
Blare of brass and drummers' roll,
Sword and stirrups' clang,
Went to death the Bard who stole
From her cruel tyrant's fang,
From the vows she should have kept,
From the fate she moaned and wept,—
Weeping they had ever met,—
From the palace on the Mole,
The Lady Lizabet.

1st Lady. How call you this romance ?

Senior page.

Sir Lou of St. Cyr.

D'Era. A romaunt of the troubadours, whose lives
Were quite as often weariful as gay.

Isa. A poet's life should be all joyousness.

Tel. And is, until he meets the grief of love.

Cla.

Tradidor !

Duenna. Alas, poor wicked minstrel, poor Sir Lou,
The tale they sing so well I wot is true
And sadly touches me. Oh sorry thing
That true love aye should be anear to death.

2nd Lady. Doleful old dear.

Isa.

We girls sing nursery rhymes,

Echoes and scraps of music such as nuns
Hear the wind murmuring on tight-stretched threads
Or fisher children find out in seashells.
Sir Tellez, if with bellowing to thy men
Thy voice is not extinguished, canst thou aid us ?
We are prepared to listen and applaud.

Tellez sings.

Never, never, never
Can you tell
Whether love will last for ever,—
And 'tis well ;
Who would ever have before them
Thoughts of death ?
Who would aye have hanging o'er them
Troubles' breath ?
Therefore ever, ever,
Think 'tis well
To believe love dieth never,
Clara belle !

D'Erc.

Isa belle !

[all applaud.]

D'Erc. [*aside to Tellez.*]

Tellez, 'ware hawk ! a kite is near thy dovecote.

Tel.

Who ?

D'Erc. The mad Gallician singer.

Tel. The man *is* mad, but, I think, honorable.

D'Erc. The risk is thine, not mine, Catch that loose trull,
Old Pero's Bert, and scourge the truth from her :
Who sent her with a message for a meet ?

Tel. False, false as hell. Beware thy tongue, d'Ercilla !
Fate does not tie my hand from meeting *thee*.

Singer. Wilt please you hear the echoes ?

[*Singers with drum and cornet.*]

Sleeping fairies of the hill
— *ill ! ill !*

In your grassy green abodes

— *bodes, bodes*

Wake ! awake in brake and bower

— *our, our*

Answer to our lovely Queen,

— *queen, queen !*

Isa. Pshaw ! we are making even echo omen.

Break up our halt. To palfrey, ladies mine,

And you, my lords, — with the Grand Master's leave ?

G. M.

So-ha ! so-ha, hawk !

To horse, fair sirs, to horse !

[*Exeunt to flourish of hunting horns, joyously repeated by echo.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A grove.*—*Night.*—CLARA and MAZIAS.

Cla. I know not by what frenzy I am led
To meet thee here this lone and dreary night ;
Set it not down to act unmaidenly,
But to deep interest in the ill-placed passion
Which I must call thine ailment ; and, in part,
Respect for thee,—yet not unmixed with fear.

Maz. Call it not frenzy, dearest Clara love,
O woman of all women ! Unto me
The night is all resplendent, gemmed with stars,
Lit by May moon and void of any cloud
Athwart the pathway of the milky way,
And with the concave dome, ethereal,
Mystic, suggestive, soothing to the soul,—
Unfathomed blue as are thine eyes dear Clara.

Cla. Pray thee be less poetic and more true,—
The night is lowering, and bars of cloud
Come looming up across the watery moon,
The signs bode storm.

Maz. A heaven of peace with thee.

Cla. Once more Don Mazias must I beg of thee
To talk as mortals do on this dull earth
And not as antics might in faërie.
This much-professed love of thee for me,

That asks for nothing yet demands so much,
Is but a sickly megrim, a disease
Of fancy, not affection. What I have
Of sisterly affection give I thee
But cannot share such vague and shadowy love.
The night grows blacker ; see the lurid clouds
Pile themselves high upon heaven's battlements.
Let us within.

[*Thunder at a distance.*]

Maz. The light still burns in the Grandmaster's tower,
Until it be extinguished 'tis not safe
To enter by the gate. Beneath this tree
Let us take shelter till the gust blow by.

Cla. Nature herself frowns anger on this meeting,
But as it is the last, the very last —

[*Thunder and lightning. They continue to converse in
pauses of the storm.*]

It is a punishment befallen me
For heartless test and playing with true love.

Maz. The lightning is the minister of love,
Kinder than death in any other shape,
For oft the levin bolt shot o'er the world
Will zigzag in its course, and passing by
The stricken stretched with sorely racking pain
By whom death is most weary-waited for,
Will, in its instant sheeting, single out
From all the millions all around the world,
Two young true lovers, with their beating hearts
Together clasped within the link and chain
Of their encircling and embracing arms,
And liberate their souls in painless death.
For love attracts the lightning. Thus it is :

The subtle warm love essence that surrounds
 And permeates the being, is the same
 That runneth through all nature's mighty veins,
 The which intensified is levin fire,
 That flashing through the world finds like in like
 In bodies of some perfect-loving pair,
 And with a flash absorbs them ; as yon gleam,—
 Were but thy love as ardent-warm as mine,—
 Might course innocuous o'er all else of earth
 Yet suck our life and love into the flame
 Of its own fiery being. Would it did.

Cla. Thou frighten'st me.

Maz.

Aye, love is cruel.

..... The storm blows quickly over

—— It is past

One of those summer gusts of petulance
 That, like love's quarrel, swiftly passes by
 And leaves the landscape fresh and dewy-bright
 And predisposes more the heart to love.
 O Clara ! can'st thou give thy love to me ?
 Let the seductive influence on thy heart
 Fall light and fresh, as fall these dewy drops,
 And say thou lovest me.

Cla. My nerves are shaken. I am not myself.
 My heart beats wildly,—do not urge me more.
 Have pity, dear, our meeting must be brief.

Maz. O jealous, angry heaven ! I laud thine ire,
 O levin fire ! I bless thy forked flash,
 O storm and tempest ! luminate be your gloom
 That out of dark obscure brings forth to light
 That Clara loves me !

Cla. It was the strange wild scene that has surprised
 Me to confess what I would fain have hid.

Maz. And blessed be the lips, O Clara mine,
That frame the sweet confession of thy love,
That thou art mine alone, mine cwn ! — mine own ?

Cla. Ask me no more, dear Mazias, ask no more,
My sense returns, I see the yawning gulf
On brink of which I stand with failing feet :
What love I can bestow I freely give,—
If less than thy desert, take and forgive ;
But this hug to thy heart, and guard it well :
That whatsoever cruel fate decree
Or whatsoever curb may bar thy hopes,
A fond remembrance of thy love shall fill
One close-locked casket in the heart of Clara.

Maz. Dear one, the night creeps on ; the midnight star
Hath ceased to shine from out the turret loop
At which the Master husbands night's lone hours
In lofty contemplation, such as I
Had hoped to follow ere love laid me low.
Thy promised fond remembrance is to me
A heaven of bliss, though not the heaven of bliss
In which my soul expanded as the light
That flashed aflame into supernal day
When God's own Spirit lightened o'er the deep.
The night advances,—lean upon me, love,—
To rest ! — and sleep brood o'er thee like a dove.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—*In the Castle ; apartment with an alcove.*—WIFE
of Grandmaster, ISABELLA, CONFESSOR.

Wife. Isabella, thou hast his ear, they say ;
Hast thou discovered who it is he loves ?

Isa. No, madame.

Wife. Yet thou art never dull,

How could'st thou be so dim as not discern?
Can it be Clara?

Isa. Thought ridiculous!

Clara forsooth! as if all men love *her*!
He said "his daring love was set too high,
Upon a gem that tops love's topmost crown,
The very pearl of perfect womanhood."

Wife. [*affectedly.*] Can he have dared to raise his eyes to me?

Isa. I think not, lady; he spoke wildly then.

Wife. Is it thyself, fair Isabelle?

Isa. I?

I would not wed him were ne'er man between
The Pyrenean mountains and the sea.

Conf. Hush! he comes.

[*Wife of G. M. and Isabella retire into alcove.*]

Conf. [*to Mazias.*] Thanks, senor, that thou com'st in courtesy
To my request; a matter of some weight
Calls for a conference, in all good will,
But 'tis my duty, son.

Maz, Then father, speak.

Conf. I will not, Mazias, say aught in dispraise
Of secular gifts of thine that men admire,
Thy skill in music, (albeit tunes profane
Lead silly maids to wanton dance and play,)
Nor of those graceless roundelays of thine
That fill men's mouths on brawling changehouse greens:
(Yet these be Satan's snares.) Therefore, my son,
Would I entreat that for a little time
Thou cease to strike the lyre,—or change the tune,
'Thus shall no patterers' pratings vex the court,
Nor gossips' breath take noble names in vain.

Maz. Priest! there is safety in a parson's gown.

Conf. Nay, be not wroth. How gladly would the church
Ope her rewarding arms to one like thee,
If to her service thou thy powers would lend
And cease to sing the folly men call love.
In truth 'twould please the court, for, sooth to tell,
Not quite suspicion,—no,—a shade of doubt
Hangs on these lays of thine. But say no more on't,
The Court may have no cause to be displeased.

Maz. What mean these hints, grave sir? methinks I am
No better than my fellows, and no worse.

Conf. Nay but, my son, reflect. If needs, amend.

Maz. Why dost thou set on me as if dark crime
Were on my hand and fit me like a glove?
I eat no children,—burn no churches,—

Conf. Vain, vain.

Maz. —Seduce no women, steal no pyxes,—

Conf. Oh doubly vain,

Maz. Throughout the blameless tenour of my life
What dost thou see?

Conf. My son, my son, this is self-righteousness
And not humiliation.

Maz. Sir! why should I, Mazias, gentleman,
Profess humiliation? Like most men
My faults are many, but my crimes are few.

Conf. My son, be not impenitent. Reflect.
Think of the Love Supreme that beckons all;
Speak, if thy heart hath e'er given thought to it?

Maz. [*dreamily*] I do confess I have not lov'd much;
My love is e'en too thin and vaporous,
Though beautiful as sunlight vapors be
All tint with flame, gold-fringed and violet-edged.
And yet I've dreamed of love. I have opined

That I might, eagle-like, gaze on the sun,
 But found my faith was altogether weak
 And found mine eyes were dazzled by the blaze,
 So that all meaner things are dark to me
 Or tinged fantastic with love's broken rays,
 Even as the eye that looking on the sun
 Sees prisms of ruby, jaune, and emerald
 In patches dancing o'er the baser world.

Conf. Thou rav'st as poets rave. The love I mean
 Is not the carnal love of earthly joys
 But Heavenly Love shown by

Maz. — the Son of Man,
 The gold and purple of his precious love,
 A vesture more befitting Love Supreme
 Than serge of priests.

O Clara ! Clara !

What other love need I but earthly love.
 Alas, indeed, I have not loved much
 Though I have loved with my whole strength and life,
 But as an atom among things that love.
 For all that liveth loves and seeketh love.
 All nature loves. Love sparkles in stars' eyes,
 And God himself is love.

Conf. Flat blasphemy.

Maz. So be it, father,— in that creed I live,
 And if 'tis sin then let me die unshriven.

[*Exit Mazias. Enter wife of G. M. and Isabella from alcove.*]

Wife. Hast wormed his secret out ?

Conf. His heart is given in love and Clara keeps it.

Isa. [*aside to Confessor.*] To-morrow, father.

Conf. To-morrow then, my daughter ; fast and pray.

[*Exit Conf.*]

[*Enter GRANDMASTER with despatches.*]

Wife. My gracious lord, I bring to you a plaint.

G. M. I'd rather, dame, thou begged me for a gift,
I love not woman's plaints.

Wife. My lord, 'tis thought
That Mazias hath supplanted good Don Tellez.

G. M. By great Osiris, woman, thou art mad,
That I should mell in trollope's loves and sins !
Make as thou lik'st thy maidens wives or nuns,
But bring such chamber scandals not to me.
I shall tell Tellez. For the whimsy girl
Put her on bread and water if thou wilt.
Who waits ?

[*Enter chamberlain.*]

Send Mazias hither.

[*Enter Mazias.*]

G. M. Knight, since thou hast attached thee to this house
Thy care and courtesy hath pleased us well,
The rather that so few of clerk or lay
May match with thee in learning's cultured ways,
Hence we have chosen to devolve on thee
A mission,— in which kindness hath a share
To draw thee from the intrigues of our court.
Hear first one word : Queen Isa and her peers
To-morrow take their pastime in the forest
And pass the night in camp ; — I tell thee so
Lest thou be drawn to camp by their attractions.
They fit thee not. Avoid them.
Depart at once with one attendant. Take

Quarters at Rebolledo's roadside venta,
There await further orders ; when received
Spare not the spur until thou reach Castille,
This packet [*gives packet*] bear unto my lord the King,
And place thyself beneath his high commands.
Maz. Excellency, I obey.

[*Exeunt Grandmaster and Mazias.*]

Wife. [*aside.*] The marriage must be forced without delay
And Mazias gone we must prolong his stay.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 3.— *Court of Castle.*— *CLOWN teaching a goat.*

Clown. Houp la ! houp la ! quadruped. Up ! on thy base
like the bust of St. Paul. Set thee on thy hinder end like a
mitred abbot. *Cælum in est qui noster pater*, goat ! Backwards,
Capricorn is your only patter. Persevere in thy studies, patri-
arch, and we shall have thee in holy orders. Thou hast already
the bespeaking qualities of a director, a rank smell and a grey
beard.

[*Enter Nugne.*]

Good master Nugne, ambassador.

Nug.

Why ambassador ?

Clo. I make thee my embassy to carry my cap and bells to thy
master. Look thee, I would not stand in his shoes for two pegs.
He hath incurred the scorn of Madame Black Brow, our celibate
Grandmaster's wife. Isabella loves him ; and he loves mistress
Clara who valueth not his little finger. Blind Yola looks for his
voice with all her eyes. D'Ercilla snares the ground beneath
his feet. Tellez barely abideth him. The Confessor hates him,
for that he swears by obsolete gods and aids the master in dia-
bolical sorceries such as simmering of buttered caudles in dead
men's cauls, and like studies unpleasing to the saints. But go
thy way good Nugne, this talk of thine is lesé majesty and deserves
garrotte.

Nug.

I have said nothing.

Clo. The fox that ran dumb killed the swan. Adieu foxy fellow-man ; but guard thy tongue, gossip Nugne, other ears than mine might overhear thy scandals. With me ! good fellow-goat ; thou art wise ; thine aspect is venerable and thy words few, and this 'tis the world accounteth wisdom.

SCENE 4.— *A Confessional.* — ISABELLA and CONFESSOR.

Isa. I would confess me of a deadly sin.

Conf. A deadly sin, my daughter ?

Isa.

Woe's me, even so.

Conf. Impossible. Thy conscience pricks too hard.
The deadly sins are done by deadly men
As those who slay or deal in sorcery,
Or by lewd, shameless women whose seared lives
Have bid adieu to all of womanliness ;
Maid's tender conscience, seeing by the light
Of its own innocence, may, unaware,
Much magnify a little venial slip
Into a black offence. Bethink thee, maid,
Hast thou committed such ?

Isa. Aye, a most deadly sin.

Conf. Lady, I knew thee as a little child,
A pitiful child, as I remember well,
Weeping for doves and such like when they died,—
A girl the very bud of gentleness.
The few years that have lit on thy fair head
Cannot have changed this tenderhearted child
Into a creature brazen and accursed.

Isa. The sin hath been committed in my heart,
Not with my hand. •

Conf.

O, ah, I see. My daughter,
Thou hast done well to seek me. Thus it stands :

There be but seven deadly sins, and five
Thou can'st not have committed ; in the two,
Pride and Vainglory, even the best may fall,
For, virtuous though we be, the flesh is weak
And Satan very cunning.

E'en I myself
When but a simple, silly acolyte,
Could never hear a warlike trumpet blown
But that I longed, pardie, to be a knight
And ride in steel,— though I might coward been,
So like to Mary, Martha Lazarus' sister,
I chose the better part. Thus if thou hast
Felt overpride in thy mock-queenly state
Or been vainglorious of thy mortal beauty,
A penance I will set thee, to appease
These sins against humility. My daughter,
One of these two I deem hath been thy sin ?

Isa. No, father.

Conf. Can it be possible the Evil one
Hath ta'en possession of thine untried soul ?
Speak freely, daughter. Though I chide thee not
Neither can I absolve without confession.

Isa. Mine is a dreadful, deadly, cruel sin.

Conf. All sins are cruel in the sight of heaven.

Isa. My sin is MURDER.

Conf. [*crossing himself.*] O Blessed Mary ! look upon this child.
Thou art distraught, my daughter ; sore distraught.
Pure Mary sane us ! this child is distraught.
Her brain hath given way. It is not she
Who speaks, but some fiend who hath entered in.
What blood is on thy hand ? Whom hast thou slain ?

Isa. No blood have I shed, father, but in will,
Can'st thou absolve from uncommitted sin ?

Conf. Good daughter, it is given to holy Church
 To bind and loose. The sin thou hast confessed, *
 Being uncommitted, I absolve thee from,
 Thou doing penance. On thy knees this night
 Repeat ten aves, and, here, give me pledge,
 (Which I shall hold as firm as written bond,)
 That when the time comes, as it soon will come,
 Thy settlement in life is made by marriage,
 Thou wilt recall this conference, and engage
 That he thou honor'st with thy lovely hand
 Shall something give to our poor monastery.
 Thou charg'st thyself with this?

[*Isabella assents.*]

Absolvo te!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5.—*A Venta.*—*Evening.*—*Villagers.*—HOST, NUGNE,
 BERTOLA, REBOLLEDO, *etc.*

Host. See you, neighbors, the Vat is an early house. Sun down,
 doors closed. An' there be not room to drink good wine from
 sunrise to nightset ye sit not here with the owls. And this of
 all nights in the year when the alcayde honoreth my roof, and
 hath been put to bed, full as a quart, by Pedrillo ostler and Bab
 the kitchenwench.

Nug. Good host, make exception for my master who hath walk-
 ed him forth to take the air.

Host. Thy master is a man of worship and like the devil,—
 saving his presence,—goeth in and out as he listeth.

Villager. Rest thee content, bully host, the sun snuffeth not
 out for a good quarter hour. See him winking with one eye
 through the orangetrees.

Villagers. Wine, wine here! stir your legs, mistress. Wine!

Reb. Where be this jade Bertola? A man's wife and a joint stool should ever be found in a man's house to sit on.

Bert. Sit on thyself, jackanape, and for the joint stool it shall ring angelus on thy skull. La! you now, handsome Nugne, come kiss me and make this ape jealous.

Nug. Out, seducer! I ha' kissed none since afore thou wert born.

Host. [*to Nugne.*] Thy master, ancient page, stayeth he long in these parts?

Nug. He stayeth while it shall please God, and while he stayeth it pleaseth me. Another cup, stout host of the Vat, and forget not a sprig of rosemary in 't.

Host. [*brings wine.*] A better stream ne'er gurgled adown a dusty throttle. But tell me, old soldado, when will the war begin? Advise me, that we may encave our casks and lock up our women.

Nug. A' teli thee this as a secret tiled. There will be no war while we stay at the Vat. Marry why? because my master and I carry in our saddlebags a cartel of defiance to the accursed Moor. Mark thou that. If the paynim like it not he may lump it,—a pagan beast and a circumcised.

Host. Heaven protects her own. Mahoon sippeth no wine save on the sly. So certes a poor host would make but a lean living in Grenada.

Vill. Another choppin of red, pretty Bertola. The sun will be down in the tippling of half a peg.

Bert. [*with wine.*] Drink the good wine, grey Guillem, 'twill give thee courage when thy young wife Anna cudgels thee as thou reelest home.

Vill. Accursed grasshopper; Rebolledo an' he were not a finnikin and an empty pintpot would cudgel thyself.

Bert.

Ha! ha!

Host. Sweep up, sweep up, children. The sun hath gone to bed, and we must e'en do likewise. Pray a good ave ere ye sleep for every pint scored, as good Christians should. To bed, girls, to bed; are ye not ashamed to keep the men waiting? Close doors and fasten locks.

Women. A dance! a dance!

[*they dance the Castillan.*]

Chorus. Cas-ti-lan

2nd Chorus. Cas-ti-lan

3rd i-lan! i-lan!

[*villagers disperse within. Enter MAZIAS.*]

Maz. [solus.] Swift drifts the life-barque down the stream of time,
The freight one human soul. At first the Child
Pleased with the breaking bubbles; then the Youth
Heedless how quick the banks are passing by;
Then Man, strong steering in the widening stream,
Striving to guide his craft among the purls
And eddies caused by dubious ledge and shoal,
Yet selfreliant, counting sure to reach
A sea whereon there sail the argosies;
Happy ignoring the unknown beyond
Where rock gates shut the restless surges in,
Where currents are and rapids toothed with stone
And broken water where no boat can live,
Whose waves in wait leap to engulf their prey
And whirl the life-canoe o'er broken falls.

So hath the current of mine own life been.

My youth was all too joyous; in the train
Of ladies I, a pretty popinjay,
Lived as a butterfly, and led the life
Of pets, a life of nothings. So sped time

The while I drank pure woman's graces in
And took the polish of her sweet smooth ways.
Ere beard was grown the noble longing came,
That comes to many souls, for learning's power
To read the hidden lessons of the past
And to the present fit the lessons learned,
Yet all unsatisfying was the lore ;
A mime made mock in every page I conned,
In every abstruse science and research
Wherein the seeker gropes in the obscure,
Like children playing games with bandaged eyes
Stumbling o'er facts and guessing at a cause,
The mystery of a mystic figure veiled
Loomed out whose name was "limit." There the goal.
While in those larger studies without books
Wherein the senses gather data in
To fix initial points for reason's guide,
All led but to one solemn-visaged sphinx
That said in tones like mournful Memnon's: "halt !
Viator. More thou know'st more dost thou know
Man's littleness and God's immensity,"—
Which being interpreted is but to say
That beyond all is the all-mother Nature
That procreates and destroys and reconstructs
By laws not in the grasp of mortal ken.

Last came the lower and most thin ambition
To gain a name for excellence in arms,
To execute sword-play with supple wrist
And back a charger better than my groom,
To hold my life as worth a penny fee
And hope to perish glorious in a ditch
In hour of victory that I helped to win ;
Or in the lists be neatly spitted through,

And have my requiem in the rude applause
Of loud-lunged rabble or the mincing sighs
Of ladies polished till their hearts are steel.
Unsatisfying too, save to the earth,
Clods of the clay of which rude men are made
When heaven forgets to give that clay a soul.

Yet to this dust of mine hath God been good
In kneading in it one gem-spark of fire,
For with this god-lent sprite of poesie
As my familiar, soother of my soul,
Beautiful imp, magician of sweet sounds
That opes with key the gates of faerie,
And softens the rough-edged asperities
Of this coarse world, I had been well content
And passed my life with little care or pain,
Had I not been sore wounded unto death
By random bolt from a most cruel bow :
Clara ! fair archer, thou hast shot the shaft,
And to my breast I hug its barbed point
For though the dole be death it comes from thee.
— Here shall I rest beneath the full-orbed moon,—
Love, night and music form a fit triune.

[*Reposes on a bench ; enter ISABELLA, behind, enveloped in a dark cloak.*]

Isa. [*aside.*] Ah, traitor ! madman in thy frowardness,
Ha ! com'st thou here to make the white-faced moon
A confidante of puny lovesick stuff ?
Cold wretch that hath surprised my woman's secret
And chilly trampled on my proffered love.
This man must die ! O horrible ! must die,—
How I abhor his handsome, manly face ;—
I hope I shall not hurt him very much

But kill him at one stroke,—as he deserves,
 Ere he betray me to that minx de Lope,
 A bold coquette, a shallow-hearted thing
 That loves not him nor Tellez. Die he must.
 Revenge! despair! come nerve my woman's hand,—
 Rejected, talked of, shamed,—I cannot bear it.

[*Mazias sings.*]

Lost to my vision, yet within my heart
 That latest look of thine is fondly limned,
 And though the bitter fate that bade us part
 Heard no complaint and saw no eyelid dimmed,
 My heart in secret weeps as bitter tear
 As mother's wept above her dead son's bier.

More happy are the dead who bid adieu
 Than they whom the last farewell leaveth lorn,
 For the dead live in form affection drew,—
 The dead may not regret—the living mourn,
 So would I claim the love the living give,
 For far from thy dear love I die yet live.

[*Isabella raises a dagger and leans over him; as the blow descends Mazias catches her hand and she falls.*]

Maz. Great Heavens! Isabella!

Isa. Murder! [*shrieks wildly.*]

Maz. What moonstruck madness, dearest maid, is this?

Isa. Kill me! kill me, Mazias! I would have murdered Thee.

Mas. [*raises her.*] Calm thyself, Isabelle. Here. Lean on me.
 This is sleep-walking, not thy waking self,
 Thou meant no mischief and hast done no hurt.
 Alarm is given,—see,—the lights approach,
 Lean on me,—dearest,—let us hence, away.

[*Leads her off.*]

[*Villagers and Host with lanterns; women and Nugue; they run out confusedly, jostling and seizing each other.*]

Host. Where be these ladrones, disturbing the purlieus? [*seizes Nugne.*] Dog thou shalt die. Take two hours to make thy peace, but die thou shalt by rope and tree.

Nug. [*beats him, and seizes villager.*] Midnight spadassin, it is thou that breaks the king's peace and awakens the lieges?

Vil. May it please thy worship's valiancy I be but poor Gil the ditcher. [*Vil. seizes another; they fight; women scream.*]

Host. Neighbor, neighbor, stay thy hand, thou art pummelling old Pepita a Mary-fearing woman and the mother of ten. [*drags him off.*]

Alcayde. [*enters.*] Hold fast the knaves that fracture the king's peace with whoreson noise. Have they no loyalty? See they not the king's alcayde for the hamlet of Arcola who represents the king? Yo el Rey! Secure them. Bind them with cart ropes lest they break through and slay me where I stand.

Vil. Worshipful, the murderers have escaped, we have none of them.

Alc. A good quittance. But 'tis your evil conscience that makes ye hear screeches at men's doors and brings ye out in the moonlight. Ye have been drinking, neighbors. How oft have I warned against the evil one that swimmeth as a fish in a bowl of fire. Eat thy morsel of black bread with a contented heart and moisten it at the nearest mule-trough. Thus shall ye emulate the saints in paradise. And this I charge ye in the king's name.

Vil. 'Twas but a matter of a quart or so ere the sun went down.

Alc. Many quarts fill a skin. When the padre had emptied his butt he said his mass backwards and there came dole to the souls in purgatory. Hither with thy lantern, host, I would make inquisition. For the women, let them pass. What fellow art thou?

Vil. I be Drillo the vinedresser, please God.

Alc. Aye, aye, an honest man and an imbecile.

Vil. And I be Jose the smith.

Alc. St. Lawrence be thy speed, good smith, for like thee he worked in hot iron, and so heaven be wi' thee hombre.

Vil. Thou know'st me, an't please thine honor's worship, — Ruy Blas the shoemaker, for I cobbled thy worshipful shoon and thou hast not paid me yet.

Alc. Go to, go to, Ruy Blas. This is a king's court and not competent to secular matters. Next man. Stand forth, veteran, and give account. Thine age, birth and begettings? Thou hast another name, I suppose, than brawler?

Nug. Question'st thou me, contemptuous peasant? Weigh cheeseeparings in thine own hamlet. I belong to another parish.

Alc. Nay, an' that be so thou need'st no certificate of baptism. Thine age and tongue bespeak thee honest and void of offence.

Host. The rest be all neighbors. Wilt please give them pass?

Alc. This must not occur again, host. Nightwalkers must not shriek at thy door unless on reasonable pretext. God wot, enough to bring an ill name on a virtuous hamlet. I fine thee a gallon for thy disorderly conduct and breach of the statute. In! good friends and neighbors, the burglary hath blown over. And thou, disorderly host, in with me and liquidate thy amercement.

[*They go in.*]

SCENE 6.— *Anti-room in Castle; YOLA seated in embrasure of window.*

Yola. Yes, my mistress is kind and nice; and since she is wed He will not love her more. It would be wrong, and he is brave and good and would not do a wrong. Now that they have sent him to the king's court he will not see her and will forget, and will forget, too, that he ever spoke compassionately to poor singing Yola. Poor me. [*Weeps; then takes zither and sings:*]

The bonny blooming chestnut
 Peeps its white flowers
 Among the shading green leaves when sweet spring time is young,
 So peeps a maiden's liking, but
 Among the hiding shadows cowers
 Till bridal bells be rung,
 Or o'er the arms of Mary's cross the nun's white veil be flung.
 Tra li la !
 Tra li la !
 A white, white flower is maiden's love when sweet spring time is young.

In the zenana they told a fairy tale of a maid that loved a chestnut and hid it in her budding breast ; and lo ! it grew, and grew, and grew, and what came of it ? a little bird ? a snake ? a fairy gift ? why, nothing but a chestnut to roast i' the ashes and tell maid's fortunes with. This was the song I sought :

[sings.]

Sped on, the arrow keen,
 Sped, sped, sped,
 And the lady who so loved had been,
 Dead, dead, dead,
 And over her heart grew the violets
 And the wallflowers at her head.

[Enter LADIES, as bridesmaids, and DUENNA.]

1st Lady. Thou silly infant with thy dolorous lays,
 Such sad songs bring misfortune on a wedding.

Yol. I was glad and sorry, lady, so I sang a gay tune and a sad one. There is another sorry verse, and my nurse when she sang it would stop to weep and say : " little lady, never thou love." Ah, me !

Lady. Strange child.

2nd. How lovely Clara looked. The bridal veil
 They say was wrought by nuns in Algeziras
 And kept their fingers nearly six months busy.

3rd. Her basquine fitted ill,— I told her so,
 And she was vexed. The darling lily silk
 Came all the way from far Aleppo.

2nd.

No,

Antioch.

3rd. Well, Antioch, or some other heathen place
In Holy Land, but it was ravishing.

1st. She trembled as the bishop blessed the pair.

2nd. Of course ; it was affecting.

4th.

Tellez blushed.

3rd. No reason he should blush, that I can see.

4th. Which of next will leap through this same loop ?

3rd. Who wishes to ? Not I. I love too well
The merriment of vexing many lovers.

1st. What will Don Mazias say ?

3rd. That he is not the beatific man.

4th. Bride Clara, too, must count one lover less.

Duen. Excuse me, ladies, you talk indiscreetly,
Our Clara, now Dame Tellez, never cared
For Senor Mazias, but misliked him much,—
The Lady Countess my authority.

3rd. If that be so, she hid her mislike well.
What say'st thou Isabella ; was Don Mazias
A little stricken with our lovely bride ?

Isa. Don Mazias never hath confessed to me,
But were I his confessor, rest assured
His confidence should be as safely placed
As with the Fra himself. How would you like,
You wicked girls, to have your mischiefs told ?

3rd. Our Isabella wants him for herself.

Isa. Go, cry thine eyes out for that wheaten straw
Don Estevan, who will have none of thee.
Don Mazias is a man,—not one of you
Are worth his passing notice.

2nd.

La, you now !

A pity they have sent him to Castille.

1st. Those odious Moors ! but tell me, some of you,
Must bridegrooms too go to those weary wars ?

2nd. Of course they must, else how could we have widows.

5th. O how I envy Madame Lope-Tellez,
Tonight at the state banquet in the hall
She takes the very topmost place of honor
Seated at the Grandmaster's own right hand,
And all the knights will strive to wait on her,
Neglecting their own ladies for the nonce,—
How very pleased with this she sure must be
To put us ladies all into the shade
And have the cavaliers all to herself,
And all the knaves that sit below the salt
Admiring her with all their bold bright eyes.

1st. It must be very nice to be a bride,
And Clara sure is happy.

Duen. Ladies dear,
Be sure that madame Tellez is quite happy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 7.— *Guard Room in the barbican of the castle.*—
Night.— *Soldiers.*

Soldier singing.

O my charming Clare de Lope —

2nd Sold. Comrade, thou had'st need be as brave as the valiant
Bernardo who ate the seven Saracens as let our Captain Tellez
hear thee sing thus of his bonny bride, for though Tellez be a
quiet man in the main, a little will set him ablaze. Where had'st
thou that lilt ? Did Mazias the singer write it ?

1st. Not he. It came out of the fardel of that devil's imp
Macho Viejo of the First Cacadores. The whole camp sings it.

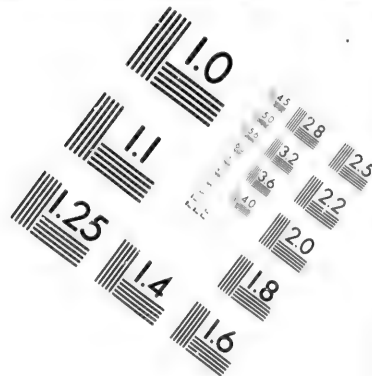
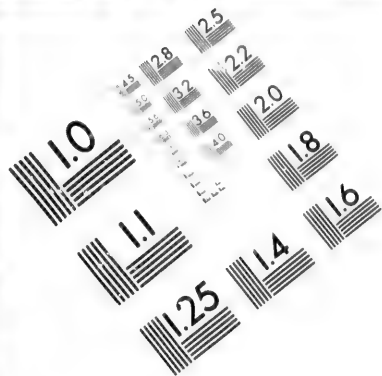
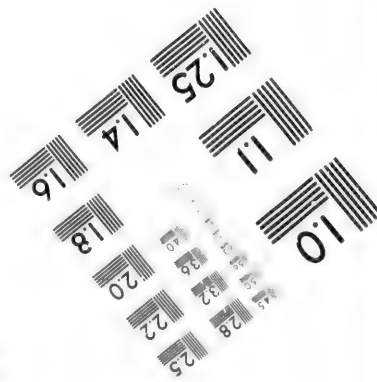
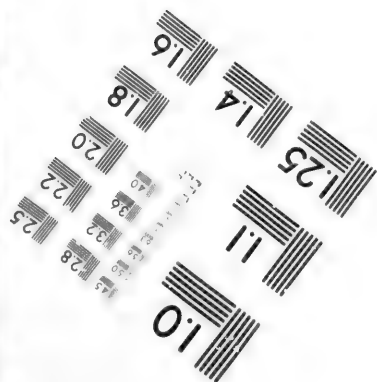
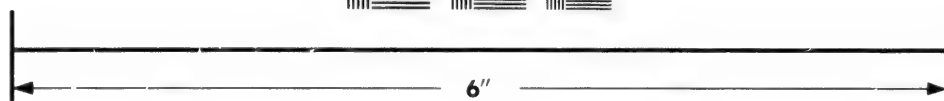
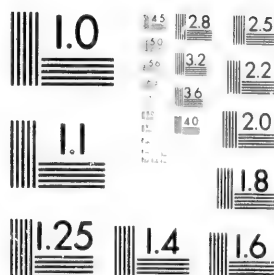


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2nd. Then thou had'st better not, else thou may'st come by a smarting hide.

1st. May be, may be. Truly 'tis better to bite a verse off a song than chew a bullet.

[*They pass.*]

[*Enter CAPTAIN of the Guard, and D'ERCILLA.*]

Capt. Two hours, D'Ercilla, in this dungeon yet
Before relief; thy company is grateful.
How comes it that thou art abroad so late
Prowling about out post?

D'Erc. A restless night,
Try as I might, sleep would not close my eyes
Although I counted up a thousand men
On an imaginary muster-roll,
Besides repeating the lance exercise
To lesson five.

Capt. An unquiet conscience, ha?

D'Erc. Not much of that.

Capt. At least thou art right welcome.
What latest news is stirring in the camp?

D'Erc. Nought but the usual quartermaster fights
For docking rations and much-watering wine.
The men will soon be spiritless, unless
They have a speedy touch at this slow Moor.

Capt. Well, we are ready. Not a man in Spain
I think, but would stir up at point of war,
Our very woman would their bodkins draw
And wo-man the battlements against the foe.
As did the gallant dames of Alfaro
Against the English in brave Don John's time.
But let us hope the Master soon will know,
And wake us up from inactivity.

D'Erc. The master keeps relations with the Moor
More than, if faith, a christian soldier should.

Capt. Ware ! comrade mine. The Master is our chief,
A brave and courteous one. His voice says War !
And he hath sent by Mazias to the King
A schedule of our state and readiness
To instant mount when Moor shall challenge us,
According to the Muslim use and wont,
In one of nine and ninety names of God.

D'Erc. That is another grievance. This slight man,
This Mazias, why should he be royal post ?
There are a hundred better men than he
Would hold it as an honor to be sent
As envoy to the high court of Castille,
Yet this reward is to a stranger given
To help him to creep out of his disgrace.

Capt. Disgrace and Mazias ! terms impossible !
Don Mazias is an honorable knight
And stands first in the Master's high regard.

D'Erc. That is because he hath some bookish craft
And patters Arab like an infidel,
But, though as sly as Calatayud fox,
His intrigues have oozed out with more than one,—
The Countess to her lord hath made complaint
And Mazias is exiled from the court.

Capt. All this is new to me, and I regret it.
At all events the man is gone for good,—
Or so the rumor runs, and as there lie
Full fifty leagues between here and Castille,
The chances are we never see him more.

[*Voices without.*]

Quien es ?

Amigo.

Qui quieres ?

[*Noise of scuffling heard and Mazias bursts in.*]

D'Erc. Traitor ! deserter ! without leave, thou here !

Maz. Traitor thyself, base knave ! No traitor I !

Thou lie'st, lie'st in thy teeth,— the traitor thou !

By thy seductive and most devilish arts

Thou hast bewrayed the mind of her I love,

With lies of my inconstancy. Thou slave,

Thou crawling coward ! now I know thy aim,

To win the love of one whom, in thy weak

And craven jealousy, thou deemed my friend,

Thou set thyself to blacken my good name

To her and to a dearer one than she,

And hast succeeded. O vile dunghill worm !

Since she I loved is lost to me for aye,

Draw and defend thy coward carrion. Draw !

[*Mazias draws.*]

D'Erc. Dog ! may my right hand wither at the wrist

But that I send thy rhyming soul to pit.

[*Draws.*]

Capt. [*also draws.*]

Madmen ! within the precincts of the court !

[*Mazias and D'Ercilla fight.*]

Without there,

Guard !

[*Enter Guard.*]

Disarm them.

[*tableau.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Apartment of the Grandmaster; GRAND-MASTER, CAPTAIN of the Guard.*

G. M. What's this? Don Mazias come back from Castille?
His orders to wait there. The man is mad.

Capt. My lord, he certainly seemed much disturbed,
And much disordered as from riding hard,
His manner, too, was fierce, and, without cause
As seemed to me, he set on Don d'Ercilla;
D'Ercilla drew mainly in self defence.

As both bared steel in precincts of the court
The guard disarmed them, and I took parole
That neither should depart without the gates
Until your highness' pleasure shall be known.

G. M. Admit them.

[*Enter Mazias and D'Ercilla.*]

G. M. D'Ercilla, what is this?

D'Erc. My lord, 'tis with regret I find myself
In culprit's place without a fault of mine;
Last evening in the guardroom with my friend
The talk was on our hopes of speedy war,
And how your lordship, with your lion's heart,
Had sent as envoy this man Mazias here
To urge upon our Lord the King the war,
Whence did the hopes of all the Christian host

Hang on the envoy's speed and faithfulness,
And bets were made if he had reached Castille ;
When sudden, like a madman as he is,
Mazias himself burst past the sentinel,
Enforced the guard, and with his bilboa drawn
Set on me without notice. Please you, lord,
My life was in the scale, so I drew too.
Truth is, the man is not accountable,
A wild insanity hath crazed his brain
For love of Lady Clara, lately wed.
But that affair is Tellez'. His return,
Which sure will breed much discontent in camp,
Is for your lordship to decide upon.

G. M. How say'st thou, Mazias?

Maz. Most valiant master, I should much disdain
To answer spurts of jealousy and folly.
The honored mission that was trusted me
I carried out in all faith, to the letter ;
No halt save for the baiting of my steed
Or change of posts, when I would snatch a wink,
And then to selle again, nor e'er drew rein
Until with raiment splashed and bloody spur,—
So ruffian-like the passers-by would stare,—
I staggered more than rode to Palace Court
And placed thy missive in King Henry's hands.
But, good my lord, my heart was rent in twain,
For on the route I heard that she I loved
Had been bestowed upon a worthy knight,—
(And pray heaven bless my now gone love and him,)—
But that, to haste the wedding, slanderous tongues
Had whispered her that I was all unworthy.
Whether this cruel wrong were done or no
I knew not, but in wildness of my grief
I rode back day and night till I am here,

And in the first excitement of return
 A hasty word from Senor Don d'Ercilla
 So sorely galled the raw, I drew on him
 Unsoldier-like in prescincts of the court,
 For which offence I crave you punish me,—
 A soldier who offends should bear disgrace.

G. M. Ye have both erred. When fighting blood is up
 Men will not think too much of when and where,
 But as it ill beseems the dignity
 Of our high Order the Court be disturbed
 By noisy brawls,—even if by gallant knights
 As if they were lewd peasants at a fair,—
 The seneschai will still retain your swords.
 Confine yourselves to gates ; on open arrest.

[*to d'Ercilla.*]

For thee, D'Ercilla,—we are plain soldiers here
 And scant appreciate politician's guile
 Or vestry backdoor subtleties, hence
 Thy caustic wit and somewhat creeping wiles,
 More like a priest's than soldier's, I should say,
 Have no befitting field among blunt us.
 Three days from hence resume thy sword and duty.
 Make no report ; return thee to the camp,
 And there remain till further orders. Go.

[*Exit d'Ercilla.*]

[*to Mazias*] Sir Mazias, with thee I am displeased,
 The rather that I placed much faith in thee,
 Thy woman's escapade I knew, and so
 Partly for that and partly for my trust
 I sent thee on thy mission, that thereby
 When gone thou might'st be out of kirtle's reach.
 Thou hast displeased me. Till the king himself

Shall give release thou can'st not have thy sword ;
 Today I send post to the royal court,
 Till it return remain thou in arrest ;
 The walls are wide enough to give thee air.
 This as thine officer.

Now as thy friend :

The world is wide and holdeth many women,
 And any one will suit thee as another.
 Pluck out this madman love for Tellez' wife,
 And let me hear no more on't, else —— we part.
 'Ανέχου καὶ ἀπεχου — (hem !— Epictetus.)
 Stay,—e'er thou goest. Come not to my den,
 But I will send thee sundry recent sheets
 Writ by one Froissart, canon of Chimay,—
 (The only clerk I know worth a crusado,)
 Read and admire the good soul's bonhommie,
 How in impassible and massbook way
 He chronicles our current acts of arms,
 As 'twere of poltroons who hewed king Agag,
 Or David's battles with the Philistines.
 Read it good Mazias,—'tis a worthy scroll,
 —— But no more tales of thee and petticoats.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—*Apartment of Tellez and Clara.*—CLARA, YOLA.

Cla. Who sent us all these pretty flowers, young Yola ?

Yol. Don Fernan-Perez, madame. As I stood
 Beside the grate to look out at the air
 I heard a horse's tramp, and one rode by ;
 I knew there were white roses somewhere near,—
 He reached them to me on the point of lance
 And then he said,—I knew his voice quite well,
 "These for the fair bride of my brother Tellez."

Cla. There are some buds for thee.

Yol. Ah, they are sweet,
And to my fingers velvety like moonlight.

Cla. My little maid thou hast the quaintest fancies.

[*Yola retires to a niche; enter LADY.*]

Lady. Hast heard the news? D'Ercilla goes to-day,
He may not see the master, and he raves
Against what he considers banishment.
The poor man is in love with Isabella
And it is cruel thus to sever them,—
How would the master like to leave his wife?

Cla. My dear, if such misfortune should befall
Philosophy might teach him to endure.

Lady. How would'st thou like to leave Don Tellez,—say?

Cla. That is another thing.

Lady. Don Mazias now
Hath shut himself up in a turret room
With a great basketful of musty books,
He is ashamed to walk without his sword;
So no one sees him. Zara told me so.

Cla. What was the story of his coming home?

Lady. Now Clara if thou really dost not know
Be sure that I am not the one to tell it,—
They say he was in love with somebody
Who went and married while he was away.

Cla. Peace, shameless! dar'st thou say such wicked things?
Thou know'st I never liked him,—not a bit.

Lady. That did not keep the man from loving thee,
And now he hath fallen into deep disgrace,
He fought D'Ercilla and had almost killed him
But that the guard ran in and beat them both.

Cla. Why D'Ercilla? That shows if Mazias loves
He must love Isabella.

Lady. Not at all.
D'Ercilla loves her but she loves not him,
(Though Mazias cannot have to do with that,)
So what they fought about I cannot tell
Unless it were for simple wickedness.

Cla. I can but pity the poor foolish knight
And hope he soon will go away from hence.

Lady. Which of the twain?

Cla. Mazias, of course I mean.
Now go, good girl, and send my bower-maid hither.

[*Exit Lady. Enter MAZIAS.*]

Cla. Don Mazias here ! what means this rude intrusion?

Maz. Lady, I do beseech this interview,
For never more shall my eyes rest on thee.

Cla. A knight disgraced ! even now a prisoner,
And I new wedded to an honored lord !
How could'st thou think a visit from thee now
Could bring me aught but pain ? Retire, I pray.

Maz. Clara ! for so I call thee once again,—
If to my name and fame there cling affront,
Know, lady, 'tis for thee. Had'st thou not lived
I had not loved, and disowned Mazias' name
Had gained a meed of fame in other fields.
I offer no defence for what is past,
I claim no memory of that past from thee,
Though in the deep recesses of my heart,
It is, and ever shall be safely prisoned ;
But what I may claim is, no cruel thought
May deem me traitor, but when extasy
Of new-found joy with thy true honored lord
Hath calmed down into quiet happiness,
In some soft reverie thy sense of right

And woman's pity pityingly may say
His life was only for my love, and when
That failed him, then he died. For I am dead
And never more will true life stir in me.

Cla. I cannot hear these words.

Maz. They are my last,
Save that the angels, of whom thou art type,
Be ever near thee with their gentle cares,
And joy unbroken fill thy wedded life
And lordly sons continue Tellez' name,
Until with him, life's happy journey o'er,
Death gently deal with thee, and sorrowers say
That a most perfect woman once hath been.

Cla. Again I bid thee go. My heart, if once
Like an unguided bark tumultuous tossed
On waves of unknown seas, hath reached at last
A haven of quiet safety.

Go, go, go.

If thou hast any kindness for me left
Delay not in thy going, else my lord
May come, when share of blame may fall on me.

Maz. Farewell,—farewell for ever. I obey.

[*Exit Clara. Mazias going; YOLA comes forward.*]

Yol. O Senor Mazias, all the ladies say
That thou hast done some great and dreadful wrong,
But I will love thee ever, though it be,—
Although they do not tell me what it is.

Maz. My gentle child, I have not done great wrong,
My wrong is having loved one woman much.

Yol. Ah!

Maz. This pains thee, Yola?

Yol. I think it pains me; though I know not why.

Maz. Child, thy confiding, seeming innocence
Makes me believe is born in all thy sex
A devil-serpent that can take the shape
Of cherub with full length of limbs and body.
A little time, when thou shalt be fullgrown,
Men will believe thee to their own undoing.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.— *Cabinet in castle.*— GRANDMASTER seated at a
table, with papers.

G. M. For castle garrison,— one hundred knights :
Doubly enough ; with men of every arm
Eight hundred ; for the present that will do,
Perhaps even spare a draft of half the number.
In camp, two'ndred spears available,
With arquebusers and bombardmen
Besides knife-rascals and some pole-axe knaves,
A total of twelve thousand, well equipped.
And now for the equipment —

[*Enter Tellez.*]

Ha ! my good Tellez. Something to report ?

Tel. Pray, excellency, grant me a brief hearing.
We of the household form one family,
A brotherhood of brothers militant,
Under your highness as our lord and head.
And as the son will in his sorest need
Bring his distresses to the parent breast,
Even though he well be ware the willing sire
May aid him little save by sympathy,
I lay a plaint and grievance at your feet.

G. M. No one, brave Tellez, in our brotherhood,
Or celibate or affiliate, hath more right
To claim our sympathy and willing aid,—

Nor is there one, methought, would need them less
Than my brave knight, the newly married man.

Tel. My lord, with your good knowledge and consent
I wooed and won your ward the Lady Clara,
But, as I looked for, where such beauty shone
Were other eyes than mine that saw the light,
And I had rivals,— as was fair I should,
Yet from their rivalry I bore the prize ;
My marriage ended the competing strife,
And they who ran me closest in the race
Now most congratulate and wish me well
In true fraternity as brothers will ;
But there is one,— I speak of him with pain
Because he standeth well in thy regard,—
Who frenetic of brain and mad in act
Hath forced himself on my wife's privacy,
As I am well informed,— but not by her,
To speak of it to her till she herself
Make the intrusion known, would ill beseem
Mine and her honor and would but demean
Her and myself.

G. M.

It is Mazias.

Tel.

It is.

G. M. [*calls attendant.*]

Let Senor Mazias attend us, instantly.

[*Enter Mazias.*]

Don Tellez, pray thee to repeat thy charge.

Tel. That rash and thoughtless, hurtful to mine honor,
Don Mazias still pursues the Lady Clara,
And that to save myself and her and him
I bring the matter to your highness' note.
For reasons known to Mazias and myself
No other course have I to right myself.

G. M. to Mazias.

Thy defence ?

Maz. Most worshipful, I am a broken man,
I stand on no defence, the charge is true.
The Lady Clara is to me the sun,
The heavenly heat that animates the world,
The fount of fire, life-giver, deity,
And far above my reach as is the sun,
Or an arch-spirit by the throne of God.

G. M. Tellez, this man is lunatic. Sun-struck.
But sane or madman thou shalt have remede.
I, as the father of the brotherhood,
And, good my son, a special sire to thee,
Will take the management of this affair ;
To-morrow thou shalt meet him in the lists
With lance, sword, axe,— to thee the choice of arms,
Horse or afoot. Myself will judge the cause
And God, we may suppose, will shield the right.

Maz. Highness, if combat I bow and obey,
But will in face of all men cry me craven,
And let the gad-a'-mercy end my life,
My wretched life and my most hopeless love.

Tel. I will not raise my sword against his life,
I know his play, have ta'en his clemency,
And will have on my hand no blood of his.

G. M. What ! ye have fought it out already ? Good.
Thou, Tellez, shalt have peace and quietness
To multiply and populate the land.
Thou, Mazias, breaker of thy plighted word,
That sets a farthingale against thine honor,
Count me, the Master, no more friend of thine.

Guard !

[*Enter Guard.*]

Three file, arrest Don Mazias.

Halberdier,—[*writes.*]

There is thy warrant. Take him in arrest ;
Convey him as a private prisoner
To our castle of Arjonilla. Take receipt
And bring it me for body of a man.

[*Guards lead Mazias off.*]

The world is wicked, my poor Tellez. Bad !
And women are the mischief, and have been
Since the old adder taught the first one tricks.
Such things chance every day, and ever will.
Content thee in my love,—all is right now.

[*Exeunt. Enter WIFE of Grandmaster and CONFESSOR.*]

Wife. A prisoner passed, was it not 'Mazias guarded ?

Conf. Let it be hoped, the scoffer ! yes, 'twas he.
But, daughter, all hath so far happened well :
The Egyptian,—if in words of holy writ
My tongue may call our loved young people so,—
Are by thine efforts,—um — not spoiled,—but wed,
Clara is Madame Tellez, both are young,
Fond and impressible, unworldly too.
Hast thou completed the good work ? Hast thou
Their joint gift-deed for holding of the lands
Of Val Vivoras for the Holy Church ?

Wife. Alas, my father, sinful is the heart,—
Tellez whom I had thought as soft as wax
Grew hard as stone and would have none of it ;
I fear me much there is diffused abroad
A grasping and most unbelieving spirit,—
And had I not worked well on Clara's self,
Who seems in a strange, nervous, reckless mood,
Our blessed scheme had fallen to the ground,
But Clara, in a graceless kind of way,

Gave her assent and Tellez, growling much,
Consented too, and so the lands are God's.

Conf. Thou hast done well, my daughter,—pious well.
Pure Mary sane the bearer of her name.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—*In front of the Vat.*—PEASANT at a table drinking.

Peas. Two, six, three weeks cutting billets, and hard 'tis to make a load when the rangers follow thee in the copses with dog-whips as thou wert a training brach. At a half-real the billet the load hath produced just white money enough to buy for my own gullet the fag end of a half-emptied wine-skin that barely holds an aroba. By 'r Lady of the Grapes my belly shall be my cellar, and the tun-wombed abbott of San Concepcion can do no more than catacomb his own vintage.

[*Enter CLOWN, with Yola veiled; clown bearing an enormous bouquet of sunflowers and violet-colored blossoms, and with a hunting horn slung around him.*]

Clo. Whom have we here? a borracho * with a borracha, or as the padre cura would have it Lucullus cum Lucullo. Good glow-nose, be the jailors with their prisoner here?

Peas. Arroynt thee vain man. There be no poisoners here save such as poison the good wine with water. Take thou a sip and welcome, hidalgo. Squeeze the skin till it squirts music like a mountain bag-pipe.

Clo. Hombre, thy wits are wool-gathering. Hath an armed guard come hither with a prisoner?

Peas. Quien sabe? All I know is that this xeres is oily as an olive, smells like an almond and bubbles like kettle on hob.

* Borracho, drunkard; borracha, wineskin.

[*drinks.*]

Clo. [*aside.*] Intemperate beast ; the more so that I cannot join him but must keep my brain-pan dust-dry for a delicate mission of woman's mischief.

Peas. Pass on thy way, traveller. Continue thy pilgrimage and white thy sins. An' thou wilt not drink like a brute beast e'en go thy ways and distract me not. [*drinks.*]

Clo. On this blessed festival, be it or not all-fools', I had rather stand in any other fool's skin than mine own. The days of chivalry are come again, the times of the Cid and Sto. Ferdinandino and I am a clown errant, a succorer of distressed damsels, and a pimp and go-between. That I should have fallen into an intrigue at my time of life ! By Santiago, good San Salvador, Santa Fe and Nino Dios, if discovered I die without benefit of clergy. O all ye Saints, if ye have any bowels, ora pro nobis ! ora !

[*Enter MAZIAS guarded. Guards enter venta, two remaining apart L and R.*]

Maz. Wine, ho ! I am athirst.

Yol. [*raising her veil.*] Senor !

Maz. Great Heavens, young Yola ! what hath brought thee here ?

Such place as this to thee is fraught with danger.

Yol. No hurt hath happed to Yola, for I came
In escort of this venerable man,
From one thou knowest but who sends no name ;
Having no trustier messenger than I,
She,—deeming, in her later reverie,
That her last words were harsher than her thoughts,
Hath thought of two more words to give to thee,
Two only words, and these — “forgive,—forget.”

Maz. Forgive ! O heavens, what have I to forgive ?

Forget ! — when my last pulses cease to beat
And the cold sluggish current of my blood
Shall gelid freeze, and its last vital warmth
Exhale into the unremembering air,
And I be mask of clay, I shall forget,
But not till then. Child, tell thy lady this,
And say that if my hands could rend the heavens
Heaven's choicest gifts should shower on her like rain.

Yol. [*coldly.*] I will report thy words ; if I return.

Maz. If thou return? Fly on the wings of love
And bear my message to the love I lost ;—
Thou would'st oblige me, Yola ?

Yol. With my life,
And so indeed I never will return.
O, I have money cavaliers have given me,—
They always give me largesse for my songs,—
And I will buy myself from Count Villena
And go with thee to be thy girl-slave ;
Though I am blind I can see very well
To be thy willing help, and sooth thy care,
And live with thee in prison till I die.

Maz. Sweet innocent, thou know'st not what thou say'st ;
It must not,— cannot be ; but as thou art
The best approach to angel that I know,
I take thee in my arms and on thy lips,
Thine innocent sweet lips, I place this kiss,
And bid thee, my dear child, a kind farewell.

[*Kisses her ; she stands aside weeping. Enter BERTOLA with wine.*]

Bert. [*aside to Mazias.*]

Hearken ! sir. Few words must suffice while these jack-knaves
are pricking their ears. I am but a woman, but a woman will
do much where she loves, and I love the ground thou walk'st

on. Say the word and I shall so doctor the drink of thy guards that they shall sleep so sound they will not awake until thou hast ten leagues start, if indeed they ere awake out of gehenna. Reb has a good horse, which is mine, and I ride like a picador. What money is in the venta I will lay hands on,—then ho ! for the mountains. The brigands will welcome thee, and in a little time, with my help, thou shalt be captain. Say but “aye,” and trust to Bertola.

Maz. Kind foolish wench, thy scheme is womanly. Let it comfort thee that I thank thee,—and so, farewell. Pray thee, good girl, take this young damsel and entreat her kindly.

Bert. [*to Yola.*] Come, chit, if he says so. But as to bidding him farewell, a bargain is no bargain unless two agree.

[*they go into venta.*]

Clown. [*to Mazias.*] An ambassador, Senor, cometh not without his herald, nor a herald without his tabard, e’er do they set the dogs on him. This mushroom representeth money. All my drink-money for the two days last past, not including Sunday, and this is Monday, have I paid from mine own pouch for a button-hole bouquet that I might appear before thee as beseemeth a knight and clown. The fair lady whose colors it pourtrays hath charged me with a message of weight.

Maz. I recognize thy haystack, good fellow.

Clo. [*planting bouquet on the ground.*] There bloom thee, sweet bud. I bequeath thee as an accomodation stool to the next toad that goeth a-wooing. Thou hast fulfilled thy purpose. Stoop thine ear, brave sir, for a horn’s whisper :

[*takes horn and sounds a hunting-call in Mazias’ ear.*]

Maz. Insolent cockscomb ! what hinders me from cracking thy fool’s pate ?

Clo. Nay, I know not, unless it be the message I bear thee,

and here it be, text and branch : the lady of the poesy sendeth greeting, and being a brave and vixenish lady hath gathered a few desperate outlaws and outcasts of her particular friends, for thy speedy gaol delivery. At this moment, an' they be not hang-ed, an apostles' dozen of them are concealed in yonder copse, under a skilful and experienced cut-throat. And this to thee for a sign : the blast that I have lustily blown shall be interpreted by the ambuscadoed villains that I have seen thee and propounded the plan ; a second point of venerie, which I blow now [*sounds another call*] is to tell them to make ready and out teledoes. If thou assentest, a third cheerful blast will notify the kindly ruffians to fall on and set thee free as bird on wing. But if the Evil one entereth in and upsetteth the pail, then must I sound a melancholy mort and the apostles will disperse and take the benefit of the king's peace. Bethink thee, good Senor Don,—bid me sound the third point of chace and then shalt thou instant see, houp la ! murder and sudden death to the tune of cut and whistle, and thou may'st this night sing *Te Deum* for safe deliverance, in the nearest fane. Horses await thee and the frontier is none too far. Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra ! blow brass and out blades !

[*Clown puts horn to his lips; Mazias takes it and sounds a mort.*]

By'r Lady of the Fetters here's a coil. A captive in hawk's claws deliberately condemneth himself and me his ambassador to the pains and penalties. How oft say I of the mother that bore me : "blessed art thou that made me a fool." Here be the orders to the kindly cut-throats : "*tan-ta-ra*, I have propounded ; *tan-ta-ra*, he listens, make ready brave murderers, out with steel ; *tan-ta-ra-rara*, go your ways sweet villains each to his virtuous occupation and leave us in peace !" Pray God they break not out and slay us for their own amusement on their own hand. [*to bouquet.*] But 'tis thou, accursed fungus, that hast been my bane. Out ! excrescence, that laugh'st to my nose with thy

jaundiced grin and face like the yellow moon. Out, cabbage !
arroynt thee. Out !

[*Exit kicking off bouquet.*]

Maz. [*aside.*] Kind Isabelle. This rescue, boldly planned,
I might not sanction. Had not Clara lived
Or had I never seen her beauty's light,
And thou and I been cast into the box,
And all the *ifs* been *nots* and *nots* been *ifs*,
Fate might have drawn a well-assorted pair.

[*Enter Halberdier of Guard; host following with reckoning.*]

Halb. Zooks ! this to me ? to me, a Jesu's man ?
See'st thou red sword ? *
Present a reckoning and I cut thy 'throat,—
Christ's and the King's go free.

[*Kicks host.*]

Fall in !

[*Enter Guards, preparing to depart. BERTOLA, in male attire.*]

Guard. What lad art thou ?

Bert. Ask the fra who 'tis wears a cassock. Any owl can see
in the dark. I am Mazias' boy.

Guard. We have no warrant for thee to attend him.

Bert. Art thou afeared of one lad ? Go to, Man Jack ! Ask
the Grandmaster else. He is not afraid of me if thou art.

Guard. An' I could reach thee, my riding-rod should teach thee
manners.

* A red sword embroidered on the vestment was the cognisance of the
Order of St. James.

Bert. Ah ! but thou can'st not reach me. Forward, jailors !
march !

[*sings.*]

Ruy Diaz though a man of might,
Ay di mi ! the paynims had him —

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5.— *Camp*; D'ERCILLA, TELLEZ.

D'Erc. Tellez, with my whole soul I pity thee,
Fate plays the knave in dealing thee such trick,
And one I see not how she can revoke.

Tel. I want the truth, not pity. Pity offends ;
Others may soon need pity, but I none.

D'Erc. Calm thee, my friend,— yet how can I not pity
With this burr sticking to thy skin ? this rhymer,
This loon that stabs with ends of doggerel verse,—
A poisoned weapon that no mail can turn,—
And makes a noble lady's name as common
And celebrate as some gay favorite's,
So it befalls when strangers hear such lays
And ask : " who is so popular in camp ? "
Men wink, and say it is the captain's wife.

Tel. Damnation. *May earth ope and swallow me
And smoky blackness from the noisome den
Hide me if such dishonor cloud my name.
Varlet and coward thou that tell'st it me ! —
Say'st thou hast heard it,— heard it with thine ears
And did not send the libellous soul to hell
That wanton named his comrade's wife in vain !
I,— or a caitiff,— would have done as much.

D'Erc. Tellez, thy words are not accountable,
I cannot quarrel, only sympathise.

Tel. Forgive me comrade, my mind is distraught,

A starry mist seems spread before mine eyes
With noise of surges booming in my ears.

D'Erc. But what I tell is true. That slippery trull
Rebb's Bertola hath carried messages ;
Even when the prisoned Mazias passed the venta
A no-eyed maid was with him, whom he tried
Though, doubtless vainly, to advance his suit ;
Or so they say ; I saw it not myself.

Tel. If this be true ! O horror, it *is* true !
But no — no — no — I know it cannot be.
This siren with her gifts of youth and grace
And damnable excellence of love delights
That threw their glamour even in my tried sight,—
How wonderful the deepness of her eyes,
Her voice so full of sweetness, every turn
Of head or limb a grace of perfectness
And over all such air of innocence.
O miserable that such perfect flesh
Should be the casket for such putrid soul.
Yet, *can* it be ? The dove and fawn are gentle,
She looks like them,— no guile in such as they ;—
Is't possible her looks belie her not ?
Can circumstance be false and she be true ?
Does truth dwell truly in those soul-deep eyes ?
Can that true tone have nought of falsehood in't
And kindness not be worn as is her glove ?
Were she untrue,— Forbid it God ! — ah me !
What weak and horned monster then am I,
What wind-tossed feather upon fate's strong breeze.

D'Erc. Fret not thyself, my Tellez,
No lady stands more high for truth and virtue
Than the Senora Clara ; think thou then
How galling and offensive it must be
To be pursued by an adventurer.

For thee,— thy name for valiance is so known
That all must deem if thou still'st not the scandal
There can be nothing in't.

Tel. Thou torturest me.
I rack with burning pain. My brain is fire.

D'Erc. It is my friendship tortures thee, my friend,
Though if thou can'st but screw thy courage up
To bear, alas ! the evidence of proof,
(A bitter wound, for which the only salve
Is that thou know'st the author of thy wrong,)
Pass this way, — now be calm !
Although I know not how man can be calm
And hear with his own ears his wife contemned.

[*they listen, and hear a soldier singing within*]

————— "beauty without copy,
O my charming Clare de Lope."

Tel. O myriad curses on the wrongdoer !
O pestilential rhyming slave ! O beast !
D'Ercilla — panderer ! thou that knew'st of this,
Draw and defend, foul traitor ! guard thy baseness !

[*draws.*]

No, no, *D'Ercilla*, thou art true to me,
My only friend. Perdition. All the camp.

D'Erc. Unfortunate friend, receive my sympathies,
I pass thy words but as a friendly frenzy.

[*Exit D'Erc. Soldier passes.*]

Tel. Dog of the devil, stand ! I know thy name,
El Macho viejo, 'twas thy damn'd voice
I but this instant heard. Accursed cur,
Speak ere thou diest. Whence had'st thou those foul rhymes
That drag a lady's name into loose song ?
Speak coward ! slave ! mule ! speak, or instant die.

El Macho. Captain, I fear not steel. Coward? pooh! Put up thy fox,—or stick it into me, 'twill be all one a hundred years hence. But an' there be foul play it shall not be laid on the back of an old he-mule like me. I had the song from the Senor Don Capidan D'Ercilla. [*aside.*] So my slippery captain hath saddled his pack on me and had me miscalled like a canteen dish-washer. 'Tis but adding to a long score. Aha! the mule kicks, and Senor d'Ercilla I owe thee one — more. This one brooks the stab,—a touch of bilboa or a tickle in the ribs with a poignard of Ramon de Joces' forging. Coward, dog, accursed cur am I? pooh!

[*Exit.*]

Tel. O villains! traitors all. How much of this is true? All true. The villain Mazias first. And then d'Ercilla.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 6.—*Castle of Arjonilla; wall with grated window.*
—NUGNE, BERTOLA.

Nug. Well-a-day, but I never expected to find virtue in a loose woman. How comes it that thou so random a wench hast become so steady a lad?

Bert. Fellow-servant, a woman's heart is a puzzle that neither thou nor I can take apart and put together again. It wants something — something. What that may be who can tell? But it never reaches its rest till it finds a love that fills it.

Nug. An' I did not know thou art already one or two men's wife, I would cause thee to strip off thy galligaskins and marry thee out of hand.

Bert. Good Nugne, an' I had had a man like thee to husband I had not been here. When that fool Reb dies I'll marry thee, an' thou be'st not dead of old age. Let that content thee young wooer. For a husband thou might'st do, but for a lover art too round and grey. Meantime the castle maids are tearing caps

for me, and one jilt swears I am wooing her to her undoing.
Stand apart — here comes the jailor.

[*Enter Governor of Castle.*]

Gov. How fares our captive?

Nug. My poor master, sir,
In body well, in mind much exercised,
His only consolations are the songs
With which he helps to pass the weary hours ;
He craves no company, and even shuns
That I and this good lad should wait on him ;
But senor, I who know him from his birth,
Know what he only wants to cure his pain,—
Poor soul ! he pines for the free open air.

Gov. We seek not to protract our hospitality,
And hope Don Mazias will be soon a freeman.

[*Exit.*]

Bert. Run thee now and see if master calls.

[*Exit Nugne ; enter el Macho viejo.*]

Macho. A cup of water, young swashbuckler, i' God's name.
Ha ! by all the seven sins and ten commandments, little Bertola !
ho ! ho ! ha ! Followed the singer Mazias. I am a spoke in
that wheel though somewhat shaken by travelling. Hark thee,
lass-lad, I have been called a dog and an accurst cur and a
coward for his sake. See that, now.

Bert. Clean stab clears long scores. Thou hast pricked the
bully that miscalled thee ?

Macho. No. I slew the man that set him on. Macho knows.
Griped his throat in the dark and sheathed a span's length of steel
in his heart. No time to confess him, so he is gone, body and
soul, and now I wend my way to the mountains.

Bert. Whom hast thou slain ?

Macho. Who but fox d'Ercilla, an old flame of thine.

Bert. D'Ercilla ! let me kiss thee old Macho. He was our enemy.

Macho. Our enemy,—— whose enemy ?

Bert. Mine and Mazias'.

Macho. Ho ! ho ! say'st thou, little one ? Then wilt thou and Mazias speed me on my journey with a bite and sup and a few half-pesatas, and I promise thee my friends the brigands will spare thy virtue and thy jacket should they chance to meet thee as lass or lad.

Bert. Come with me. Thou shalt have food and what I can to help thee on thy way.

[*Exeunt.* MAZIAS approaches the window.]

Maz. The arching sky is bright, the scent of flowers
Steals like an incense through my prison bars,
Yet feel I not the breeze, nor know it there
Save for a little shudder of the leaves.
Anear, still life, but in the middle distance
Are cattle feeding underneath tall trees,
While, like light feathers, in the leafy screen
Are curls of blue that tell of cottage fires ;—
A brave background of mountains, grand sierras
That wear for half the year their hoods of snow
But now are rosy-tipped with purple shadows.
The genius of the place is satisfying.
Yet, somehow, hangs a gloom around my heart,
A sense of coming ill,—a shifting cloud,
Now dark and thick through which no ray may pierce,
Now lightening till half the stars look through,—
They say such feelings come with creeping chill
When steps are passing o'er your unknown grave.
Va ! banish such slim weakness, Mazias !
Even as a life-slave fettered to the wall

Will sing a song of freedom, and at once
 His shackles fall,—no longer walls hold in,
 But he is far away among green fields
 With those he loved when his seared life was young,
 So I, who prisoned am with double bond
 Of fettered heart that love hath chafed and worn
 And iron bars between me and the sun,
 Will slip the chain of doleful circumstance
 And bask in the impossible and gone
 Of love requited for a love bestowed.

[sings]

Roberts
 Fly out, O rosy banner, on the breeze!
 Clash, music! in a tempest wild and free,
 Ring out, O bells! above the waving trees,
 Shine sun, earth smile, and add thy voice O sea!

My Lady — lady loves me.

Ye lisping streams that flash in currents strong!
 Hill echoes! founts that plashing purl and ream!
 Sweet singing birds! that twitter all day long
 For very wantonness, be this the theme

My Lady — lady loves me.

[Enter TELLEZ, mounted, armed with a lance, and passes
 beneath window.]

O unseen spirits! faery ministers
 That swirl in summer cloud-land, and rejoice
 And stream your flowing hair, less bright than her's,
 Join in the chorus with your unheard voice:

My Lady — lady loves me!

Tel. Thou villain, Mazias! Make thy peace with God.
 Thy crimes have found thee out. Thy time hath come.
 The lady thou hast wronged can bear no more,
 And for her wrongs thou diest by my hand.

Maz. Don Tellez, is it thou? I welcome thee.
 Once did I place my sword-hilt in thy hand,—
 Thou wert not merciful, but bade me live,
 My life since then hath been a living death,

My life was Clara's love, my death for her,——
If now thou art more clement, I can die.

Tel. Then die !

[*stabs him through the bars.*]

Maz. O Clara !
True to the last my heart beats but for thee,
Enamorado———

[*dies.*]

Tel. Mine honor is avenged. Ho ! for Grenada.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE 7.—*Church of St. Catherine, Arjonilla.—A chapelle ardente; acolytes chaunting.*

1st. Acolyte. Non mortui laudabunt te Domine :
Neque omnes qui descendunt in infernum.

2nd Acol. Sed nos qui vivimus, benedicimus Domine :

Acolytes. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

Choir. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula.

1st Acol. Amen. Amen.

All. Alleluia.

[*Enter NUGNE, BERTOLA and CLOWN.*]

Nug. Tread reverently, good clown. There lies my master. A better, kinder, braver, a——a——plague on't there must be onions in the air.

[*weeps.*]

Clo. In the midst of death we are in life, and should be thankful for 't. When the news came post thou would'st thought the castle was sacked. The women's screeches were a thing to be afear'd of. The Grandmaster when he heard it fell into a wrath and called for his horse. God's bones, said he, be there no men about? and so he sent a fool to announce his coming.

Bert. [weeping.] We ne'er shall see his like. He was a Man.

[Enter Governor of Arjonilla and attendants, with page bearing on a cushion a wreath of cowslips and violets.]

Gov. A gallant gentleman, of most unhappy fate,
There are hearts weep for him; aye, many weep.

[lays wreath on breast of corpse.]

— from one who loved him;

If — as we trust — he sees, he knoweth whom.

[Flourish of trumpets without; enter Grand Master of Calatrava and suite.]

G. M. Who hath done this?

Nug.

Don Tellez.

G. M.

I blame him not;

Fate plays us scurvy tricks, and this was his.
An evil chance that wrenched this life away
As a reward for changeless constancy.
'Fore Gad, even Nature's self cries out upon it
That we her males should tie ourselves to one
To the exclusion of all other thoughts.
Yet there he lies — a stainless gentleman,
A prince of the old type of chivalry,
In letters learned, in trial tried and steadfast,
To women kind, to one love constant ever.
Sleep well, dear Mazias! to thy mother earth
Kind hands will now commit thine earthly part,
And history's tongue will ever sound the fame
Of MAZIAS the ENAMORADO.

flourish

[tableau. Curtain falls.]

END OF DRAMA.

